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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the Mid-Devon contest Mr. W. F. D. Smith M.P., a Free Trader, is giving his hearty support to the Unionist candidate, a Tariff reformer. Herein Mr. Smith proves himself a good and a really practical Unionist. We note that there are still one or two papers on the Unionist side—at least from week to week they profess to be Unionist—intent to keep alive a quarrel that is dying. So that their own light may appear to shine steadily, they are quite willing that the Unionist party shall be plunged in darkness. But after all in every large game there are players whose plan is just to glorify themselves; and it would be strange indeed if politics, the greatest game of all, were exempt from this class. Mr. W. F. D. Smith, always a first-class sportsman, plays for his side not for himself in politics.

We know that the case of "Truth" is cited, and it is urged that Mr. Labouchere and his rebellious organ were never drummed out by Liberals, and that dissentient Unionists should be treated with a like consideration. But there is all the difference in the world between the cases. Mr. Labouchere and "Truth" never played into the hands of the enemy. Their fault was the virtue of being if anything too loyal to Liberalism. They were ever in the van trying to thrust at the foe, never at the back trying to stab their friends. We mention this matter now because with the New Year there ought to be a new start.

By the way, as to the selfish and purely commercial action of papers that keep trying to fan this flame of discord, we may quote from a letter written the other

day by a Unionist leader and organiser. He says: "If our silly people will only sink their foolish prejudices for a bit, the Conservative party has a real good fighting chance now." This is written by a politician who is by no means a violent tariff reformer. We are not for drumming out of the party any Conservative because he has conscientious objections to Preference; but it is a very different thing when he uses his personal influence or his paper to spoil the chances of the Unionist party at the present time. This really is a matter which will have to be considered gravely.

Occasionally, but only very occasionally, an English gentleman has the honesty and the courage to escape from the Liberal party. Major Leslie Renton, who began his career as a soldier in the Scots Greys, and ended it in the Imperial Yeomanry (having been one of the besieged at Ladysmith), was returned at the last election for the Gainsborough division of Lincolnshire by a majority of 851 over a Conservative. The Major did then believe that the Liberal party was a serious and honest organisation for the furtherance of certain political ends, which had been carefully thought out by the leaders, which were not incompatible with the safety of the State, and which were to be achieved by means not repugnant to the mind and the morality of the average man. Major Renton knows better now; and being a gallant as well as an honourable member, he imparts his knowledge to his constituents.

Major Renton is disgusted, as are all thinking people, by the levity with which the Prime Minister and his colleagues have embarked upon a constitutional revolution, for his short experience has been quite enough to convince the member for Gainsborough that the House of Lords is an indispensable security. The local caucus had decided, on prudential grounds, to pass over the gallant gentleman's protest against the House of Lords policy. But when Major Renton progressed in iniquity and denounced the carelessness and crudity of all Radical legislation, the provincial mugwumps called upon him to resign. Apparently there will not be a bye-election; but if he stood as an independent Liberal-Conservative, we would back Major Renton to win.

Now may Parnell crow. He has at last got a victim—and without danger to himself. The reign of law and order in Ireland has thus, as Mr. Asquith promised with such big words, begun again. After an exciting chase Mr. Ginnell M.P. was taken on Monday evening by police on bicycles and put into Kilmainham Gaol under sentence of six months for contempt of court. We hope there may be no new Treaty of Kilmainham ere this hero of the hazel has served his term, but we do not feel absolutely sure even of this. Happily for the Government Ginnell is not so terrible a prisoner as Parnell. And after all the Government may plead not guilty; for the whole thing was done for them, or at least over their heads, by Mr. Justice Ross.

The precise relationships of different Irish Nationalist groups and sections of groups to one another are wonderfully obscure. They remind one, in their excessive intricacy, of the attempt of a man in Max Adeler's "Out of the Hurly Burly" to prove his distant relationship with another man. He set out by mentioning that his brother's wife's first cousin's aunt was married to a Mr. Grant. How does Mr. Redmond stand towards Mr. O'Brien, Mr. O'Brien towards Mr. Healy, Mr. Dillon towards Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Healy towards all three? But even if we knew this, we should know hardly anything. There are other sub-relationships and groups within groups that defy knowledge. Thus it is said that there is now in the main Redmond and Dillon group a sub-group of Nationalists who are uncompromisingly pro-Dillonite—in the sense of desiring the exclusion of all O'Brienites—and are trying to stiffen Mr. Redmond.

One would need to be possessed of Sam Weller's double million magnifying glasses to understand what is really happening in Natal. A situation so serious that at one moment the Government cancel a demobilisation order and the military operations are continued becomes so improved the next that the demobilisation is proceeded with, and a tiny composite force only is held ready for emergencies. Then we are told—and Mr. E. G. Jellicoe who has been retained to defend Dinizulu makes a point of the statement in a curious letter to Lord Elgin—that the preliminary trial will be conducted with the greatest secrecy, the press not being admitted. Yet day by day we get a comprehensive summary of the evidence. Mr. Jellicoe himself assumes prejudice against Dinizulu on the part of the colonists, urges Lord Elgin to make certain representations to the Natal Government and declares in the same breath that the passion of the Natal Government is for justice. Does Mr. Jellicoe consider that the sentiments of the Natal Government and the Natal colonists are in conflict?

The first Parliament in the Orange River Colony has met and adjourned till May next, the only item of interest about its proceedings being the unseating of a Union member for impersonation. The Constitutionalists—taking the figures as given by our correspondent "Sojourner"—may now say, "We are seven". The full significance of the recent elections in the colony has not yet been grasped by the British people at home, but "Sojourner's" review of the situation shows how the British in South Africa are alive to probabilities. We can only hope that, being in the thick of it, he takes a too pessimistic view of the future, but we cannot ignore the emphasis his letters lay on our own anticipations of the consequences of the Dutchification of South Africa.

The Shah has given way! Parliament wins in Persia. How unreal it all sounds. These constitutional catchwords do not fit an Eastern country. In the West they do not mean much, but at the least they stand for something. In Persia or any other truly Oriental country they are mere words—nonsense. Not that there is no significance in the facts. The Shah has found it necessary to give in, for the moment, to a group of subjects too strong for him. Next time he may be the stronger man and they the vanquished. To speak of it as a constitutional struggle is ridiculous. The really significant thing is that the whole of the army, including the Cossacks, is now to be under the

direction of the so-called War Minister. This at any rate means that the Shah will not have direct personal control over the troops and leaves him in a distinctly weaker position. The "War Minister" should have a good chance. It is not unlikely that there have been foreign influences behind this settlement.

In many countries in many ages the pardoning of prisoners has been an incident of national celebrations. Certainly no time could be found more apt for a public act of generosity and mercy than Christmastide. Sir Edward Grey is the last man in the world to cultivate either a popular or a poetic effect. We may be sure—as we should not be sure of certain others in public life—that Sir Edward Grey had no idea of reserving or anticipating these prisoners' pardon to grace his Christmas keeping. He has, we do not doubt, acted on deliberate judgment. We can only hope his judgment is a right one and will be taken as he meant it to be taken.

We cannot pretend that we have no fears. If these men were wrongly convicted, they ought never to have been punished at all; if they were rightly convicted, they were guilty of a crime to which the punishment they have undergone cannot seem proportional in the eyes of their own nation. Punishment is defensible only by its success in deterring from crime or in restoring the criminal. Sir Edward Grey may have hit the mark; but it seems to us at least possible that a good many will read into his action a deference to certain protesting importunates on his own side of the House. He got credit for strength, they will say, by ignoring us at the time; now he wants to square us by anticipating the date of release, and so get credit for generosity too. However, it matters little enough what these people think. And no one is likely to care so little as Sir Edward Grey himself. The serious thing is the effect on popular feeling in Egypt.

Russian methods of sedition are apparently becoming naturalised in Bengal, as we have heard lately from a travelling M.P. A few weeks ago the special train carrying the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province was blown up by dynamite, and now an attempt has been made to assassinate Mr. Allen, the chief administrative officer of Dacca. Outrages of this nature are peculiarly significant. The conditions under which Europeans live and work—moving freely and fearlessly about and among the people without guard or protection—make them easy victims. Happily, it has been possible hitherto to trace every attack to individual fanaticism. The Poona assassinations some ten years back are perhaps the only recent acts of the sort connected with political or seditious organisation. The danger to the administration, as well as to individuals, is extreme. It should be met by the summary methods successfully adopted on the frontier for discouraging Ghazi fanatics, who sought their own salvation in the murder of an infidel. They at least met their victim in the open, face to face. The characteristic Bengal method of shooting him in the back under cover of darkness is more difficult to deal with, unless the organisation which employs the assassin can be made responsible.

It seems an odd thing that an "Indian Mutiny Celebration" should be left to a newspaper, or indeed to any private interest and patriotism. Is India not as well worth a public pageant as Porchester or Bury St. Edmunds? However, as no public body has the patience to celebrate this greatest event in the history of England as an Empire, we are glad that a widely read newspaper has done so. The "Daily Telegraph" did the thing in great style on Monday by a dinner to seven hundred Indian Mutiny officers and men, with Lord Roberts and Lord Curzon as chief speakers. We think, however, the expressions "Indian Mutiny Jubilee" and "Indian Mutiny Celebrations" are somewhat doubtful. We can celebrate and jubilate the end of the event, scarcely the event itself.

The most interesting thing in the speeches was, perhaps, Lord Curzon's words on Lord Canning. It might be hard to imagine temperament and quality more different than those of Lord Curzon and his great

predecessor. It is the more interesting then to find Lord Curzon praising "Clemency Canning" so highly. The nickname was given at a time of very natural passion, no doubt, when Englishmen were chafing under the Governor-General's moderation in revenge. But we should say with Lord Curzon that it was unjust. Cold, reserved, anxiously moderate, of dauntless courage, moral and physical, Lord Canning was a great-minded man. But his was not the type of statesmanship that appeals to English people when their blood is up.

Count Okuma has the reputation of saying more than he means when he is on his legs. At a recent meeting of the Kobe Chamber of Commerce he appears to have fallen into "a blazer" in urging his fellow-countrymen to take advantage of what he called the heaven-sent opportunity provided by the present conditions of the Indian market. He is reported as saying that "being oppressed by the Europeans, the three hundred million people of India are looking for Japanese protection". This is contradicted, but that he did say something of the sort seems to be proved by the accounts of independent journals whose representatives were present. We should imagine that the translation was a free rendering of a reference to the boycotting of European goods under the Swadeshi movement. Count Okuma's object throughout the speech, as in others delivered about the same time, was to support the efforts Japan is making to recover lost ground in India. Japanese exports to India do not increase, and Japanese traders with characteristic energy are investigating the cause. Count Okuma probably has no great desire to hurt England, but he has a tremendous desire to benefit Japan; and if England loses by the process—he loves not England less but Japan the more.

Frenchmen, if the "Times" correspondent knows anything about them, which often seems very doubtful, are working themselves into a "state" over the Japanese peril. Count Okuma's speech is for them fraught with impending woes, and the American armada is rushing on ruin. Seeing how long France has had touch of China at Tonking, it is absurd to make out that Frenchmen have only just woke up to the reality of a Far Eastern question. They see, as all must see who do not wish to be blind, that Japan's success against Russia and amazingly fast development has changed the situation all over the world. A new and thus far incalculable competitor has come into the field. No doubt we are all prone to exaggerate new forces; but perhaps it is as silly to deny them. We English can take the Japanese more quietly than Continentals, partly because they are a little more familiar to us, partly because they are up to a point playing our game, which happens to be their game.

Austria and Hungary have for a time at least composed their differences. The year 1907, which has been so full of quarrels and bickerings and intractabilities between them, closes peacefully, and Christmas really seems to have brought some goodwill. It is probable that the recent serious illness of the Emperor brought both countries into a more reasonable and conciliatory temper; and his recovery is marked by the renewal of the constitutional agreement and treaties by which their relations with each other have been regulated since 21 December, 1847. The sixtieth anniversary of this event was the first occasion on which the Emperor appeared in public since his illness. He drove through cheering crowds to the city and received the Austrian and Hungarian Delegations.

After the outbursts in Hungary against the new Customs and commercial treaties with Austria, their quiet adoption by the Hungarian Parliament is remarkable. The assertive blustering Independence party has been tamed, and is held in by the Ministry, and it accepts without protest the quota of contribution to the joint expenditure of the two States though it is increased from thirty-four to thirty-six per cent. It would be ludicrous, after the party has had so quietly to submit to the demonstration of facts, for it to renew the campaign for economic independence and the abolition of the quota. Dr. Wekerle had, to be sure, a soothing formula for it about the treaty not being a mark of any love for Austria; but the spirit has gone

out of the agitation. This will be all for good, as Hungary has plenty of domestic problems to occupy her without wasting her time in senseless and unreal vapourings against Austria.

The Court that is trying Herr Harden is sitting in camera. Most of the "flood of filth" which was poured out at the first preposterous trial would have been impossible in England, for the simple reason that it would not have been evidence against Count Kuno von Moltke. This difference in procedure justifies precautions against the publication of merely indecent gossip. The drift of things appears in accounts of what has happened. Herr Harden is reported to be willing to withdraw his accusations if the prosecution is stopped; which has an odd sound in English ears. Count von Moltke's divorced wife is said to have greatly altered her evidence against the Count, and the alienist, who founded his former opinion as to "abnormalities" thereon, to have retracted it. Broad facts come out even when detailed evidence is not published, and they will account for the changed opinion in favour of Count von Moltke which now prevails in Berlin. Prince Philip Eulenburg is also said to intend bringing an action against Herr Harden. Let us hope not in the *Genöffen-gericht*; or if so, that it will be heard too in camera.

At the last hearing of the Druce case the evidence of the nurse who spoke to attending T. C. Druce during his last illness, and to seeing him die and placed in a coffin, was led by the defence. A discussion arose as to the admissibility of the case books of the medical man who performed an operation on T. C. Druce, and Mr. Plowden reserved his decision on the point until the next hearing. The arrest of Caldwell in New York, and an application for his extradition on a charge of perjury, is what the papers are fond of calling a "new development" in the case. It appears that the consent of Mr. Herbert Druce to the opening of the grave, and the arrangements for that purpose, as to which there is no lack of detail in the papers, are to be traced directly to Mr. Caldwell's departure from England and the desire to bring him back. However this may be, on Friday Dr. Tristram granted a faculty to Dr. Pepper, of the Home Office, and Mr. Hawes, the Chairman of the Cemetery Company, to open the grave; but the time when this will take place is being kept secret.

Anti-militarists must disapprove greatly of Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady's decision that a beneficiary to whom a testator has given property in his will cannot be deprived of it by a condition that he shall not enter the naval or military services of the country. Mr. Beard, who made this will, appears to have been the first testator who thought of an oddity of this kind, as Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady had to decide it on principle without case cited. Conditions against marriage or in restraint of trade are common enough, and Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady puts the prohibition against entering the army or navy on the same footing; it is against public policy. Mr. Haldane may sleep soundly now; the common law watches over his territorial army; though after all we do not suppose many testators are likely to have precisely the same kind of bee in their bonnets as the testator in this case had.

The police have begun the prosecution of a tailor for making blasphemous speeches at Highbury Corner. On this particular case we of course have nothing to say, at present. But we must express our surprise that the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has so long delayed taking some action of this kind. Every evening in Hyde Park and all day long on Sunday the ears of citizens are polluted by filthy ribaldry under pretence of reasoned attacks upon the Christian religion. Nor is this all. The most violent incitements to robbery and murder are perpetually addressed by well-paid agitators to the gaping wasters that loaf around the Marble Arch. "Why are you starving and cold? You fools: there is Park Lane, and the palaces of the millionaires. Why don't you take what you want?" This, with many expletives, and much vernacular adornment of the theme, "*la propriété c'est le vol*," is literally the stock formula of most of the speeches in Hyde Park. Politicians have been imprisoned in Ireland for saying less, much less than

this. Is incitement to housebreaking and felony an indictable offence, or is it not? If it be so, the toleration of the police is a mistake. For if this is the language of Hyde Park, we shudder to think of the rhetorical style of Southwark and Battersea Parks.

Lord Kelvin was buried in Westminster Abbey on Monday, in the spot which by analogy we might call Scientists' Corner; but it is such a very ugly phrase. If pilgrimages are made there, the pilgrims will be of another type from those whose shrine is Poets' Corner. And yet when one thinks of the poets, how many of them have opened up such wide spaces of imagination as Newton and Herschell, Darwin and Kelvin? If Shakespeare had known such men he would have admitted their right to take their place with the lover, the madman, and the poet who are of "imagination all compact". But this conception has not penetrated the popular mind, which is hardly equal to pure imagination unadulterated with emotion and a good many primitive instincts. So that, impressive though Lord Kelvin's funeral was, and though it marked the passing of a man whose brain worked as much magic as the book of Prospero, it stirred few memories or associations and aroused little curiosity outside the circles of the learned.

In our days these circles are far-reaching, and Lord Kelvin's funeral gathered a representative assembly of scientists unequalled since the jubilee in 1896 of Lord Kelvin's own connexion with Glasgow University. The circle of the sciences was indeed full orb'd; of the arts apparently music was the only one to find a place in such austere company. There is a curious connexion between music and mathematics. Lord Kelvin has even gravely played airs on, we believe, a trombone to his students; in illustration of the laws of acoustics we must say. With one exception, it may be, all the men of science at the funeral would have confessed to Lord Kelvin having in some way or other made himself free of their fellowship. Only certain of the biologists wondered and disapproved that he should introduce another element than chemistry and mechanics into the discussion of the laws of life. That was a notable controversy to be recalled beside Lord Kelvin's grave. The "unknown quantity" may be ignored in the laboratory, even without intention to deny it; but at the grave of a genius like Lord Kelvin it is just the one question which dwarfs all others into insignificance.

The Headmasters' Conference would not take less or worse Greek from boys leaving preparatory schools. They declined the suggestion of Eton and Winchester, Rugby standing up against it in the doughtiest style. If the two great guns, Mr. Lyttelton and Dr. Burge, could go off without levelling the opposition, it is plain the opposition is very strong indeed. Greek is not on its last legs by any means. We agree that there is very real danger of cramming at preparatory schools, and of cultivating precocity, which should always be frost-nipped instead. But how on earth Dr. Burge can think that little boys' minds are to be kept more healthy, not to mention happy, on eternal grammar, and grammar only—the deadliest mechanical drill ever yet invented—is past our understanding. Grammar must be faced, unhappily; but why deprive it of its one excuse, as the key to translation? Dr. Burge should not have attacked unseen translation, but too difficult unseens, and have hit the nail on the head. Absurdly difficult books are given to small boys, paralysing some of them and exciting others to gross excess in proficiency. But this applies quite as much to Latin as to Greek.

"Would you call a monkey an insect?" Not in sarcasm, as might be supposed, was this question asked on Boxing Day in the "Insect-house" of the Zoo, where monkeys or birds abound but insects are invisible. The enquirer's tone was sincerity itself though hesitant. She evidently thought a monkey ought not to be an insect, but as it was in the "Insect-house", and there was little there but monkeys, she did not like to suggest that the Zoo authorities could be making a mistake. Pity Dr. Chalmers Mitchell was not there to be rebuked. He would have felt that this was not the way to teach the people zoology.

MAN AND BEAST IN IRELAND.

WE shall soon be reading in our newspapers summaries of the events of the year. It will be interesting to see what the chroniclers have to say of the progress of Ireland. Christmas, at any rate, brings little evidence of peace and good-will in an island in which religious belief is sincere enough to give promise of better things. It is not merely that envy, hatred, and malice towards fellow-men are flourishing, but that the dumb beasts, in spite of the associations—familiar through the Christmas decoration of the churches to every Roman Catholic—with the manger at Bethlehem, are harried and tormented, while blasphemous patriots coin new beatitudes to encourage cattle-drivers. There is no truce of God in the Isle of Saints; if Nationalist members suggest that the hazel should be laid aside for a while, they are careful to add that it should not be burned until there has been time to see whether Mr. Birrell is or is not a complete fraud. The apologists for the mobs of ruffians who are ruining the grazing industry explain that the cattle are not maltreated. It is true that, so far, they have not been mutilated, but we have not yet come to regard people as humane merely because they do not cut off cows' tails; and only a politician could suggest that there is no brutality in hunting bullocks and sheep over the roads, belaboured the while with sticks, terrified by yells, to leave them foundered and thirsty miles from their pasture. The thing is cruel, and it is no defence to say that it might have been made more cruel. Also, from an economic point of view, cattle-driving is short-sighted. If the big graziers are suddenly forced to surrender their pastures, the small farmers will have no market for their young stock. The only people who stand to gain are, for a short time, butchers who profit by the forced sale of beasts. Their profit will not be permanent—as Mr. Field M.P. might with advantage have remembered when as chairman of a meeting of the Cattle Trade Association he banned all discussion of cattle-driving on the ground that it was a "political" question. The notion that the new agrarian movement is a campaign to substitute tillage for pasture is quite erroneous. Meanwhile Mr. Birrell, who has probably as little personal experience of physical risk as of moral courage, wonders plaintively why herdsmen do not sign their own death-warrant by informing against cattle-drivers. We doubt whether any Minister of the Crown has ever before had to face such an indictment as that brought against Mr. Birrell in his interview with a representative deputation of Irish country-gentlemen. It will not do for the Liberal press to talk about "ascendency men". There is no sectarian question in the whole business. (Has not Archbishop Healy spoken out as strongly as any member of the "garrison" about cattle-driving?) The deputation included several prominent Roman Catholic gentlemen, and its chief significance perhaps is that they spoke far more in the immediate interests of farmers—who dare not speak for themselves—than of landlords. It is possible that cattle-driving may, from causes which concern the internal organisation of the Nationalist party, become much less frequent, but in that event no credit will be due to the Chief Secretary. He refused to prosecute Mr. Ginnell lest he should be made into a martyr, and in the course of his refusal gave that worthy exactly the advertisement which he was seeking. Expatriating free over Ireland Mr. Ginnell was idiotic enough to stumble upon an estate which was under the care of the Land Court, and has been sent to prison for contempt. He showed none of the alacrity for martyrdom with which a gullible Chief Secretary credited him, but he has now been caught by the police, and unless, following his systematic policy, Mr. Birrell induces the Court to shorten the sentence, he will be quiet for six months. The late Lord Morris understood patriots of the Ginnell type. Having before him two agitators who expected to immortalise themselves by speeches from the dock and go to prison attended by a brass band, Lord Morris, after a very brief and candid summary of their careers, came to a climax with "You think you're great patriots, and the eyes of the world are on you. I've no patience with such blackguards. You're only fit to be turning dung!

Get out of my sight!" The heroes sneaked away to America amid the laughter of their former admirers. Lord Morris' robe has not fallen on any other Judge, but, had the Ginnell case been properly handled, prosecution by the Executive need not have conferred any glory on the victim. As it is, we have the odd position that it is perfectly safe to attack the property of an ordinary owner, but dangerous to breathe upon the wards of a Court. However, let us hope that the police will be encouraged by the committal of Mr. Ginnell. Anyone with practical administrative experience in any country knows that the police cannot be kept up to the mark if, when they detect crime and arrest the criminal, the Courts invariably let the offenders off. It is abundantly clear that common juries will not or dare not do their duty—and we should watch with great interest whether in a similar position petty shopkeepers and the like in England would jeopardise their daily bread by convicting and facing a boycott.

Now we are to have special juries. This is a step in the right direction, but it is an illogical step for the Government to take. They have to their hands in the Crimes Act a statute which enables small agrarian offences to be summarily tried by magistrates, and in practice has been shown to be effectual in stopping agrarian crime. But they will not use it, because in Opposition the individual members of the Cabinet talked sentimental nonsense about coercion. So they profess to adhere to the ordinary law. But they have a peculiar notion of the ordinary law. The average man hardly expected to see systematic changes of venue, wholesale challenges of jurors, and, finally, recourse to special juries, come under this description. Yet utility attends their efforts, and the ordinary peaceful citizen may well ask why political pedantry should prevent the Government from using the only effectual weapon. If English Liberals read advanced Nationalist papers they would be amazed at the amount of "jury-packing" which has gone on in Ireland under the present Administration, all to no end. "Jury-packing" has an ugly name, but all that it really means is that when you are trying a member of a political or agrarian society for offences committed in furtherance of the objects of that society, you discard as jurors persons who have openly avowed themselves to be members or supporters of the association. The Government really might as well do their duty in the only effectual way: they are getting no thanks from the Nationalists for their supposed virtue, and the pretence that Ireland is quiet under a Liberal Administration has so palpably broken down that the farce ought to be ended. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have now come to the rescue of Mr. Birrell. It is no use, we are told, to attempt to enforce laws which do not carry public opinion with them. This is a wise maxim, but it does not take us much further. What is public opinion? If Mr. Asquith imagines that it is possible in a time of disturbance to ascertain from public utterances the reasoned convictions of the majority of private persons in a country, he knows very little of human nature and nothing at all of Irish life. It is human to shout with the biggest crowd, and in Ireland it is dangerous to do anything else. Liberals do not generally believe that the plebiscite which called Napoleon III. to the throne of France represented the deliberate opinion of most Frenchmen, but the pressure to vote for him was infinitely less than the constant pressure upon the middle and lower classes of Ireland to acquiesce in any proceedings, however lawless and violent, which harass and weaken the Imperial Government. As soon as the law becomes effectual in Ireland, hundreds of people who join in disturbances more from "devilment" than from any deliberate design resume their good behaviour, while the great mass of the people, who want to go on with their daily business in peace (whatever opinion they may hold about Union or Separation), immediately become a steady force. Many farmers' sons who are cattle-driving at present will listen to their fathers when the amusement becomes dangerous. The position at this moment is that coercion does exist, but

it is coercion of law and order. The Irish peasant finds it much safer and more pleasant to applaud and help the law-breakers than to condemn them. He believes (thanks to Lord Denman and the penultimate phase of Mr. Birrell) that the Government approves of cattle-driving. How can he be expected to organise public meetings against it? But if imprisonment were the certain consequence of proved guilt, "public opinion" would change remarkably. Mr. Balfour's experience in Ireland proved that once for all.

It is true, as Mr. Asquith says, that the present state of things is not half so bad as the land war of the 'eighties. How long will this be so? Already the United Irish League is stronger than the law, and the comparative infrequency of extreme outrage is due, not to the power of the law to punish crime, but to the belief of the organisers that at present murder is bad policy. But Mr. Birrell has allowed every scoundrel in the country to acquire arms of precision, and we cannot count on a peaceful New Year. There is far more boycotting—often very mean and cruel—than finds its way into the London newspapers. We are as anxious as any Liberal that the new peasant-proprietors of Ireland should enjoy economic holdings—and far more anxious than the English allies of Mr. Dillon that the Irish farmers should shake off the yoke of those petty traders who have fought against co-operation, and seem to have converted Mr. T. W. Russell to their views. But, unlike Liberals, we do not hold that the remedy for unsatisfactory social conditions is to be found in violence, or that a man who thinks his farm too small is justified in trying to ruin his richer neighbour. And we have never understood why a condition of things should be tolerated in Connaught which Sir Edward Grey would not allow to exist for a week in Egypt.

FROTH IN PERSIA.

ON 19 December the Russian Foreign Office is said to have bluntly admitted to a representative of the "Bourse Gazette" of St. Petersburg that in Persia utter anarchy prevailed; that it was impossible to foresee the course of events for even two hours ahead, and that it was possible the entire political fabric of Persia might fall to pieces. Certainly this fairly sums up the position in Persia at this moment. It will be remembered that the new Shah has for some weeks shown signs of restiveness. He had not apparently understood the precise significance to himself of the calling together of the first Persian parliament. He seems to have regarded as the least satisfactory result of all, the immediate limitation of his civil list to a figure which may well seem to him ridiculous for ensuring the comfort and dignity of the King of Kings. A common thing in the East—the trouble was brewed by the womenfolk of the palace, and the new ruler was not astute enough to see whither his arbitrary interference with even the youngest of Constitutions would lead him. In this he may at least be pardoned by ourselves. If ever a grant of representative government has been greeted with a burst of universal jocosity in this country, it was that which at the least expected moment Persia obtained from the late Shah. Yet it seems the concession was not lightly made. Whatever their inexperience in constitutional matters, the Persians have at any rate an idea of constitutional strength: however great the autocratic and religious tradition, the National party seems to have sprung to birth full-grown, well-armed.

To trace roughly the events of the past few weeks: the middle of November saw the National party not only strong enough to protest against the poverty, ill-organisation and defencelessness of Persia, but able openly to demand the deposition of the present Shah, and the setting up in his place of the Zill-es-Sultan. Against them were ranged the whole forces of clericalism under Sayyid Abdulla and Sayyid Mohammed, but no one could deny that there was ground of complaint when to the east the Turkomans were raiding caravans on the main road between Teheran and Meshed, and, away to the north-west, the Turkish Kurds were threatening, and have since occupied, Suj

Bulak, an important little place well inside the frontiers of Persia, sixty or seventy miles south of Urumiyah, or Urmi. Urumiyah lies wholly within the influence of Tabriz, and it is in Tabriz that almost the whole of the present agitation has been fermented. It may therefore be imagined that the strong action taken by their kinsmen the Turkish Kurds—behind whom stands of course Yildiz Kiosk, and, it is commonly believed in Teheran, Potsdam—has been due to the open dissatisfaction of Tabriz with the slow Russification of Iran.

Between the Shah and the Nationalists nominally stood the Persian Cabinet under the Premier Nasr-el-Mulk. But the Shah, weary of this intrusion into matters over which his predecessor had entire control, ended the Nasr-el-Mulk Ministry on December 15 by the somewhat drastic method of casting three of them, the Premier, the Minister for the Interior, and Ala-ed-Daula, into prison, from which they were only released by the direct intervention of the British Legation. On December 16 a new Cabinet was formed by Nizam-es-Sultaneh, a reactionary official of doubtful antecedents and Kurdish descent, against whom the British Government has before now brought serious charges. His selection was rightly regarded by the Nationalists as a challenge, and Teheran on the following day awoke to find itself in a mild civil war. Barricades protecting the house in which the Persian parliament was sitting were made, and a strongly armed body of Nationalists assumed the duty of protecting their representatives. On the 20th the Shah made a serious political mistake. He sent an official to the house of the Zill-es-Sultan to inform him that by his Majesty's decree he was banished from Teheran. The Zill-es-Sultan replied by throwing the Shah's emissary out of his house, and it may be that a sudden realisation of the former's standing in the country induced the Shah to make the concessions published on Tuesday. Among them are orders for the expulsion of Saad-ed-Daula—who, by the way, has point-blank refused to go—and the recall of Ala-ed-Daula, for the due protection of the Persian parliament, and for the limitation of the predominating influence of Russia over the army.

But the troubles of Persia are not likely to be solved thus. It was asserted the other day by a shrewd French publicist that England was responsible for much of the impasse at Teheran. He went on—and here his perspicacity was at fault—to say that England, feeling unable to combat the growing encroachment of Russia in Northern Persia by active opposition on the spot, had wilfully distilled into the receptive minds of the malcontents of Iran the political virus of pseudo-constitutionalism. To this he attributed all the recent trouble. As an insinuation of policy, this statement is grossly untrue, and scarcely more untrue, we may observe, than it is beyond the power of British diplomacy. But it is only natural that the English people, who invariably claim the credit of having assisted races struggling for liberty, should now and then be saddled with a responsibility which they would willingly disown, and which very often is really unjustly thrown upon them. The mere facts that it was in the gardens of the British Legation that the Nationalist fugitives took refuge, and that it was the British representative who secured the release of Nasr-el-Mulk, are enough to identify England with the cause of the National party in Persia, and this identification, however unjust, may be the source of European complications, the extent of which cannot at this moment be forecasted. For Russia is equally forced into the position of champion of the absolutists in this quarrel.

Finally, religious differences enter largely into this dispute. A schismatic of one's own sect is to-day regarded in Persia with less leniency than a heretic. The immemorial dispute between the Sunis and the Shias plays no unimportant part in this trouble. Teheran, the capital of a Shia dynasty, is exclusively a Shia community: Tabriz—the second city in Persia—is almost as entirely Suni, and Suni Kurdistan, backed by the Suni Caliph in Constantinople, stands behind her elbow. It must be remembered that more than a quarter of the Kurds are politically Persian subjects, but the tie of blood is naturally the stronger.

One thing at least is certain. Whatever the issue

of the crisis, and at the moment it would be rash indeed to prophesy, Germany is sure to make the most of the opportunity.

THE CHARITY POLICY OF DEBT.

IT has been stated on good authority that Dr. Barnardo at his death left a debt of about a quarter of a million on the Boys' Homes that bear his name. Barnardo was one of the best examples of what we may call (using the term in a laudatory sense) professional philanthropists: for not only did he give up his life to his work, but he brought to bear upon it great intellectual power, and the practical quality of method. Yet he left a debt of some £250,000, and it is said that his end was hastened by pecuniary worry. We should not wonder, for though the debt was not personal, presumably, as in the case of other debts, interest and payments of principal had to be attended to. We have cited this instance because it illustrates in the most favourable setting the practice of nearly all charities, lay and religious, in laying up for themselves on earth, not treasure, but debts, sometimes mountains high. It may be said without exaggeration that no self-respecting charity, be it a church, or a hospital, or a home, is without a debt, and that not casually or compulsorily incurred, but deliberately, as a means to extract financial assistance. We do not know in the case of the Barnardo Homes on what the very large debt is secured, we suppose on land and buildings somewhere of some sort. In the case of a church or chapel, a school or sanatorium, a sum of money is generally borrowed by mortgaging the land and the building before it is erected. Thus the concern starts its career with a millstone of debt round its neck, and to reduce it the first assault is made upon the pockets of the charitable. But the debt is never really reduced, for as fast as subscriptions come in fresh debts are contracted, always in the all-atoning name of charity or religion. It would be interesting to have a duly audited balance-sheet of all charities that appeal to the public for subscriptions, for one would like to know to whom these huge debts are owing. The banks can take care of themselves, and so can the insurance societies. But we are afraid that in some cases the money is owed to tradesmen, for the supply of materials or provisions. This is indefensible, and the whole system of charitable finance is such as would not be tolerated in an individual, or a commercial corporation, or even in a Government department.

The experienced philanthropist, lay or clerical, will tell the critic that it would never do to balance the accounts of a charity in the ordinary business-like way, as in that case no one would give it any money. Imagine the secretary of a charitable institution calling on an actual or possible subscriber and producing a balance-sheet that balanced! The wise and wealthy man would exclaim, "What, no deficit? Bravo! I congratulate you; it is really a pleasure to find a charity so well managed as yours; but it is quite evident that you need no assistance from me; go on as you are; pay your way!" &c., &c. It is the old story: "Virtus laudatur et alget". But let the secretary, having learned his lesson, approach the wise and wealthy one with a whacking deficit, and moving tales of writs, executions, and receiverships; there will be earnest and compassionate consultation, knitting of brows and rapid calculations on scraps of paper, ended by the writing of a cheque. Thus do the really charitable and the "wealthy men, who care not how they give", combine to reward reckless management, and its consequence, insolvency. We know well the Scriptural defence of this procedure: "Take no thought of the morrow"; it was the apology of the begging friar. But we do not live in the days of mendicant monks; and in our opinion this piling up of debt by churches, chapels and charities should be discouraged, instead of being stimulated by subscriptions. With regard to the hospitals, the matter is and long has been a serious one. The King's Hospital Fund has given something like stability to a part of the resources of the metropolitan hospitals; but the greater part of their incomes is still precarious. We have always held

strongly the view that rates for baths and libraries are far less imperative, or even defensible, than a rate for the hospitals. We do not say that books and baths are bad things; they are well enough in their way. But washing and reading are duties of at least imperfect obligation, and ought to be postponed to the much superior and more cogent necessity of tending the sick and the maimed. The borough and county councils will never see the truth of this elementary proposition in domestic economy so long as voluntary subscriptions are forthcoming. The days are rapidly approaching, however, when the tax collector will "intercept"—to use a favourite word of the robbing Radical—the donations of the charitable, and appropriate them to the uses of democracy. The maintenance of the labourer's family in his youth and of himself in his old age will rapidly absorb the funds which now flow into the coffers of hospitals. It will then become absolutely necessary to levy a rate for their support, and their accounts will be properly audited and balanced. Debt is, unfortunately, a national habit, introduced, according to Disraeli, by "Dutch William". But as it is undeniably a bad habit, it were well that it should not be practised by the trustees of the charitable, or at least practised in moderation.

WOMEN AND WORK.

MIDDLE-AGED people quite well remember a time when popular opinion began to be strongly in favour of women, and young women especially, going into business and earning independent livings. It was about the time when the momentous questions had been settled, Should women ride bicycles and go outside omnibuses? Then we began to hear of lady doctors, and to see women behind the post-office counters, and the bonnet and cloak of the professional nurse were watched admiringly in the streets. It was pointed out with satisfaction that all this represented so much burden removed from the shoulders of the middle-class man who had a small income and a large family; and the change of custom was believed to be a benefit all round. But this is not the view that prevails at present as to the employment of women. Many people hold it not only for a social inconvenience but a social evil, and are hinting that the process ought to be obstructed or even stopped. Mr. Burns has said so plainly; and the Licensing Bill of the Government is expected to contain restrictions on the employment of barmaids, or, some people suspect, to forbid it directly or indirectly. Jealousy and irritation are rising amongst men clerks in all branches of business because women are competing with them and, by accepting lower wages, are thrusting them from their stools. And to heighten and emphasise the complaints, while letters in the newspapers are enlarging on the unhappy position of men clerks there comes a project for the wholesale substitution by women of all the male booking clerks—we cannot call them men—at the tube railway stations. This displacing of men by women is a double evil, it is said: men cannot marry; and the women become mere industrials to their own hurt, and to the deterioration of domestic and national life. There have always been special evils connected with the employment of women, and special enactments for protecting women which are not needed for men; but the evil that has now disclosed itself is not the effect of their employment on themselves but on men. The question now is, Should men be protected from women? and the Suffragists sniff the coming battle and are making the defence of the interests of women a chief argument for their getting the franchise.

In this battle of the sexes one's sympathies can be on both sides; for there are no decisive tests of the right of either. Only the force majeure of events as they march can decide. Looking at the evil wrought on both parties by the change of custom which has brought women into stern and painful contact with the outside world, we could wish, with certain exceptions, that women were safe back again at home with their fathers or their husbands and children. The exceptions are for the women who are fit by nature

and education to enter the superior occupations of life where woman's higher faculties would have the fullest play. This can be for nothing but the good of the world. In the inferior occupations the employment of women is only a concession to the absolute necessity of their making a livelihood. They do themselves and men harm in proportion as they crowd beyond this necessity into the occupations that have been men's. Their numbers, their partial support in their families, which makes up for the lower wages they accept, fosters an abnormal cheapness of labour; they compete with one another recklessly, without any regard to their class interests. This encourages the trashy production of cheap, vulgarly useless articles that are no good to any human being; and it means sweating and the accumulated horrors that are so rife in women's work. Even prosperous and well-to-do women who need not work away from home compete with working women in order to make extra pocket-money, about which they are as eager as if their lives depended on it. Two girls in comfortable and, as they certainly thought, select social circumstances the other day sent out invitations to a "sale of work"—the sort of things one finds at bazaars. It was taken for granted they had some charitable object: but these two smart girls were simply running a show for themselves. The sale was of their own work for their own benefit. This is simply an illustration of the thoughtlessness or indifference with which women enter the labour market. There is nothing, or very little, like this amateur competition amongst men with one another; but they have to encounter women competing with them in this spirit.

The competition of women with men is mainly in the inferior occupations where very little brains or strength is required, as in ordinary clerks' work. Everything tends nowadays to increase the kinds of work which women and children can do quite well. Do we really wish, indeed, to have men at work on many of these things? Men in unmanly occupations are not a pleasant sight. Let the clerk go to the carpenter's bench, let him make himself a skilled artisan, and the man riband-measurer get out of doors to some occupation where the ordinary woman cannot compete with the ordinary man. Where women can compete with men, where it pays employers on the whole to employ women, it is impossible to keep employment open for men alone. No law could be made to secure this directly, and restrictions for the health of women, such as the Factory Acts contain, or as legislation for barmaids may provide, could not be allowed to do it indirectly. In such occupations as these even the minimum wage for women fixed by an arbitration board would not be equal to the customary living wage of men; so that this would not be protection for men; and the employer would still prefer women. Only in a few instances under the New Zealand and Australian Acts are women paid at the same rates as men for doing the same work. It would be found to be impossible to exclude women in favour of men by enacting or deciding that every woman for her work should be paid a man's minimum wage. We come to the conclusion therefore that in the occupations where men are not protected naturally from the competition of women by their combined advantages of brain and strength there will continue to be an ever-increasing sphere wherein women's and not men's labour will be employed. This is exceedingly unfortunate, not for the harm done to men but for the harm done to women, and through them to family life. What, it seems, has to be considered is how to render as harmless as possible this inevitable intrusion of women into the commercial industries. Legislation has done much for their health and for their hours of work; but it is one of the peculiarities of their employment, as distinguished from that of men, that to a great extent they work in detached groups at home or in small workshops where it is difficult to apply restrictions and inspection. And yet if women are not protected by the law there seems little likelihood of their being able to protect themselves. It is a mark of their inferior occupations, as it is of the inferior occupations of men, that they are not able to make trade unionism effective. Women's occupations are peculiarly liable to be swamped by casual labour because they do not require any special skill; and, as we have

said, because there are always large numbers of women who will work for less than a living wage as they have fathers or husbands or some relation on whom they are primarily dependent. Where they are not fortunate in having these resources there is always the Poor Law, and the ratepayers make up for the wages that employers ought to have paid. If we take the case of women clerks and shop-girls, and women generally of the social status implied in these occupations, how are they to protect themselves when so many women compete who formerly would have gone into domestic service—once the most flourishing of women's industries, now one of the least popular? With such special causes at work it seems that women's occupations must be more or less sweated, unless women become even more in the future than they have been in the past "the favourites of the law" and be protected by further legislation.

The law has always assumed that women cannot look after themselves, and in industry it is quite true, as is proved by the question of sweating, which is much more prevalent in women's work than in men's. There will have to be an extension of the Factory Acts; and machinery for fixing rates of wages in women's occupations is the only means by which a standard wage may rule for them as it does in men's occupations, where there are effective trade unions. This, as we have shown, would not be to fix women's wages at those of men for the purpose of driving out women, but to introduce more order and justice in the occupations in which, under modern industrial conditions, women are mostly employed. In these it is beyond question that they are paid below their economic value; and they are bought too cheaply because they are too ready to sell themselves. There are cases where women's work is as valuable as men's, but they are paid less for no other reason than the custom. One such case is where women get less for teaching girls than men get for teaching boys, without any real reason for the difference. But generally women are underpaid because of their poverty and excessive numbers. Their economic independence is illusory, and they are now more in need of legal protection than they have ever been.

THE CITY.

THE year 1907 closes on the Stock Exchange in a more confident and cheerful manner than was at one time anticipated. It must be admitted that we bear the heavy Bank rate which the levity of American financiers has imposed upon us with remarkable equanimity. A 7 per cent. Bank rate means 8 per cent. to all borrowers; and it is obvious that a prolongation of this rate would seriously cripple the commerce of the country. Markets are calm, and in some cases buoyant, because there is a universal expectancy that this rate will be reduced in January, and still more in February. If this hope should be disappointed there is no saying what might happen to the market, because there are very few stocks which will pay the expenses of carrying over out of dividends and yield a profit to the operator. We understand that the high Bank rate is maintained with the object of discouraging traders from buying goods from the United States, and so enabling the latter to draw on London for gold. We trust it has had this effect; and there are some signs that the hoarded money in the States is gradually coming back to the better class of banks, though not to the trust companies. We have just seen a letter from a business firm in New York which gives a vivid picture of the difficulty of getting money out of a trust. "Through one of our friends we found that the — Bank on Fifth Avenue had a man in line who would probably reach the teller's window this week, as in some cases they have only paid off two or three men in four or five hours"; and then again, "We have managed to get into the hands of their man" (i.e. the bank's man), "who is in line, a cheque for a thousand dollars", &c. The idea of hiring a man to stand in line, who may possibly reach the teller's window in a week, is something novel in a so-called civilised country. This state of things has now, we believe, passed away.

The best market at the moment continues to be that for Foreign Railways. It is said by those who know that the Antofagasta Railway will earn over 10 per cent. on its ordinary shares in the coming year, as against 7½ for the past year, a rate which, by the way, may not be maintained in the dividend now due, as the last quarter of 1907 has not been a good one. But bumper traffics are expected in 1908, and now that the question of exchange is settled many brokers predict a big rise in Antofagastas, which have risen 3 points in the last week to 117. It is not an easy stock to carry over, as the jobbers make a very wide price at present, 3 points between buying and selling; but no doubt as the market widens the price will narrow. Mexican Ordinary are rising on good traffics and the prospect of higher freights; they are always a good gamble when under 50, though nowadays anticipation, intelligent or unintelligent, puts them at 60. We cannot understand why the Buenos Ayres and Pacific New shares lag so much behind the ordinary stock in the market. The latter stand at 115, and the shares, which are convertible into stock and require less money to handle, ought to be at 30s. premium, but are just under £1. As soon as money becomes cheaper Pacifics and Rosarios will rise rapidly, 10 or 12 points at least. In the Home railway market, Great Northern deferred at over 49 strike us as about paid for, though the A stock is 2 or 3 points too low. In view of the great Anglo-French exhibition at Olympia in the spring, those who like long shots might study the stocks of the Chatham and Dover Company. The position of the Underground Electric Railway Company of London is most serious for Messrs. Speyers and their clients. There are £7,000,000 of profit-sharing notes issued at £100 now valued at about £35. These notes are secured upon the stocks and shares of the "tubes" and the District and the United Electric Trams. The District stock (£100) stands, as some know to their cost, at about £8; and it is a question how Messrs. Speyers are to redeem these notes, which fall due in 1908. Sir Edgar Speyer adjourned the meeting of the shareholders until after the New Year, when he promises to submit a scheme. If this fiasco be added to Messrs. J. P. Morgan's big mistake over United Collieries, it would appear that American financiers do not yet understand the conditions of English business. Still, it is very extraordinary that none of the locomotive companies of London, if we may so call those corporations whose business it is to carry our citizens about the Metropolis, is commercially successful. The General Motor Car Company has indeed called its shareholders together, and amid pæans of self-gratulation declared an interim dividend of 8 per cent. But we cannot feel sure that Mr. Dalziel, in "the morning flush" of a promoter's passion for his child, has not been what the Yankees call "a little previous" with his distribution of profits. The directors of the company cannot possibly know yet what the depreciation and the upkeep will be, and, as the omnibus companies have found out, it is maintenance and wear and tear that eat up profits. We have been reading the report of the Darracq-Serpollet Company, which has supplied the Metropolitan Company with an omnibus whose motive power is steam, and which uses paraffin instead of petrol. The steam omnibus is quite noiseless, and the economy over the petrol-motor, with its chain-gearing and clutches, appears to be considerable. We believe that the steamer will solve the problem of London locomotion, by being both profitable and inoffensive.

The extraordinary general meeting of Ind, Coope & Co. Limited resulted in some very plain talk from several shareholders, and the hostility of the meeting was only rendered non-effective by the proxies held by the board. The arrangements made by the directors in the past are a load to be carried in the present and the future, but the reconstituted board are clearly doing their best to get the company out of its difficulties. As Mr. Priestley suggested, it would be well now if assistance were given it in getting to its proper work, which is that of brewing beer, not of brewing legislation.

"OUR GIFTED YOUNG MIMBER."

MEMBERS of the Irish Parliamentary party come to me in the dusk, glancing round the corners to make sure they are not seen, and say to me: "'Pat', you are our friend. You are making it possible for us to have opinions of our own. We are all with you at heart, but as yet we are too much afraid of the clergy. For —'s sake, go on, and we will prevent your being shot. When you have made public opinion possible in Ireland, we will all speak out like men, knowing that the clergy cannot stop the subscriptions or put us out of Parliament. 'Pat', you are the most popular man in Connacht." Having said this, they go their way, and when I meet them in the daylight to-morrow they turn their heads, lest they lose their seats at the next election for speaking to me in the street. Once I entertained one of "our gifted young Mimbers" at an hotel, and in two hours three clerical deputations came to rescue him from the dangers of being made a Nationalist by me, the last deputation presenting an ultimatum—that unless he left my company at once they would see that he was unseated. The hero jumped up in terror, and ran from the room, too excited to remember his walking-stick, which was rescued next morning by a fourth deputation. That was years ago, and since then the poor man has denounced me violently on every public occasion, to secure his seat, while confiding in me regularly wherever we could meet without being seen by a priest. Such, in Connacht, are the trembling heroes who, at Westminster and Chicago, threaten the mightiest of all the Empires; and, unless they keep up a certain show of rebellion, there is no need for the Empire to subsidise the clergy, at Ireland's expense, to keep the rebel within bounds. Much as I like him, my old friend John Bull is always a fool in his dealings with Ireland, whose complex problem is always too subtle for his ingenuous honesty. The only real rebels now in Ireland are Protestants, because only Protestants can have real political convictions, rebellious or otherwise.

Thus I am in the confidence of the Irish Parliamentary party, and the position is quite safe so long as I do not print a member's name in connexion with his convictions, which they know I will never do without leave. I have never yet ruined the career of a single man. Just now they confide in me regarding the dangers of unity, and the facts are most instructive. For years, Mr. Redmond has denounced Mr. O'Brien, and now Mr. Redmond's colleagues tell me that he wants to unite with him. Why? Since Mr. Dillon "retired from public life" in spring, Mr. Redmond has felt the need for somebody stronger than himself behind the chair, especially with the Archbishop of Dublin formally dissociating himself from the party, as an organisation no longer worth considering. Why trouble to conciliate what we have triumphantly terrorised? Our Archbishop is a most acute politician, and having got Mr. Redmond's party completely in his hand, there was no reason why he should not take a political holiday, if only to think of religion.

While the sociable nature of the leader of the Irish race at home and abroad has been depressed by isolation and uncertainty, a new force has risen quite above his head within the party, in the shape of our bustling friend Mr. Joe Devlin, a great little man of mighty words, who can charm £20,000 from the pockets of foreign domestic servants, and who can make a speech exactly as if he believed it himself. Mr. Devlin is primarily an actor, but Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory had not begun the Irish theatre in time for him, and this is how Irish talent is ever diverted into wrong channels from want of the national and social progress that could afford a healthy choice of careers. Mr. Devlin's histrionics have been taken so seriously by "our people" that Mr. Redmond has begun to be alarmed for his leadership; and besides, Mr. Devlin has an anti-clerical past, having first distinguished himself by a great battle with his own bishop at Belfast, in which he beat the bishop badly.

Mr. Redmond was made leader by the bishops, not by the people, and on condition of throwing over his anti-clerical comrades after Mr. Parnell's destruction; therefore, Mr. Redmond's failure to prevent the rise of

Mr. Devlin, another anti-clerical, is an obvious breach of the episcopal trust, plainly violating the spirit of Mr. Redmond's compact with the bishops, which in itself would be enough to account for the secession of an archbishop or two. What was the use contracting for the extermination of the anti-clerical Parnellites if a gentleman like Mr. Devlin, after beating a bishop, is permitted to rise higher than Mr. Redmond himself? Then behind Mr. Devlin we have the "gifted young Mimbers" who come to me in the dark and tell me all about it. The bishops know them well, and watch them; but they watch the bishops, and if it goes much farther, Most Reverend Dr. Walsh may require to come back into the councils of the party.

In our conditions, the ideal member of Parliament is a man without enough education or character to make a living on his own account and without enough means to enable him to have opinions of his own; preferably a person whose family depend on a village public-house or "gombeen" shop, which can be destroyed by a wink any time the alcoholic hero refuses to vote as he is ordered from Italy; but in spite of all the elaborate safeguards against the national danger of having men of education and character in our public life, Mr. Devlin rises out of a Belfast street, as if by a miracle, and springs over the heads of them all, knocking down mitres on his way and constructively bidding defiance to the crozier. The cry now is, "Oh! Redmond, why did you let this man's ability become known?" and "What shall we do with Devlin?" The race is too rich in political genius to make it possible to pick eighty-two Irishmen sufficiently stupid for our present purpose in Parliament; and of course the eighty-second man, who runs ahead of all the others, is an anti-clerical, though at the same time such an excellent Catholic that he can teach the Hierarchy their duties, which makes the complexity of the matter all the more irritating. Mr. Devlin's turn for tragedy-comedy enables him to see through the whole business, and he steers his course with a success impossible without some imagination. He is young, vital, versatile; both by temperament and experience nearer to the sympathy of the working class than any other man in Irish politics. He has enough education to be more effective than a University man in the peculiar conditions of our public life, and he is a great worker, while his Keltic head has been levelled in the Scotch atmosphere of Belfast. He is more capable of method than any other man in the party. He lectures on history and inspires a cattle-drive with equal readiness; and he is ready at an hour's notice to start for Australia and talk £20,000 out of his colonial audiences. The presence of this man among us is really serious, and he has been allowed to go so far that the whole nation might demand reasons for it if he were put down. For the present he is the real leader, in so far as our Parliamentary Nationalism has anything to be led; and it is no wonder they are asking, "What shall we do with Devlin?"

One thing is plain—of himself, Mr. Redmond cannot put down Mr. Devlin. Colleagues of Mr. Redmond explain that the leader wants Mr. O'Brien back, not because he loves or trusts him, but because he fears Mr. Devlin even more than he hates or suspects Mr. O'Brien. Mr. Redmond seems to find two inconveniently great men less inconvenient than one, and Mr. O'Brien is the only one in view who, by fighting Mr. Devlin for the leadership, could keep Mr. Redmond still leader.

Accordingly the young men in the party, led by Mr. Devlin, are now working the League against their leader and his plan of union with Mr. O'Brien. Hence the remarkable activity of the Dublin branches of the League during the past month. A few days ago Mr. T. M. Kettle M.P. said of Mr. O'Brien's proposed return: "If he is to come back it must be as the penitent prodigal of Devolution, and not as the conquering hero of Nationality", which, in so far as it goes, means that Mr. O'Brien cannot come back at all, and that poor Mr. Redmond is to be exposed to the obvious superiority of his too able follower, without one to rival his claims or to cancel his pretensions. If the bishops had permitted Mr. Redmond to pick the ablest man available, he would now have enough able

men to fight each other for the chair, and so keep himself safe in it; but as things stand the bishops' scheme adds additional greatness to Mr. Devlin in the mediocrity of his environment, so carefully planned by the bishops themselves. They knew very well that it would be harder to command obedience from able men than from stupid ones, but Mr. Devlin shows how they failed to provide against an able one creeping in unawares, and, to do them justice, it is only since he crept in that his real greatness has been discovered. With Mr. Devlin in the chair, his young colleagues would feel nearer to the leader than they can while it is occupied by Mr. Redmond, who keeps them at a distance, and speaks to them only from the past, always with a sort of sacerdotal solemnity, as becomes a leader elected by priests alone. They tire of the oracle, and they are as anti-clerical as Mr. Devlin himself. In fact, the only noticeable ability in the whole party is unmistakably anti-clerical—and for that reason not at all anti-religious.

The position of Mr. O'Brien is simply pathetic. He is now very wealthy. In proportion as he became wealthy, he developed ideas of his own; but in the same proportion he has lost influence, so that now he keeps a weekly paper to make people think that he leads somebody. Week after week, he works at the melancholy fiction in ever-varying shapes, but he can never survive the fact that he was an immeasurably greater man on three pounds a week and four columns of precocious acid in "United Ireland", in the good old days when the peasants still believed a thing because it was in print, and saw no distinction between eloquence and conviction. In truth, Mr. O'Brien leads nobody, but ours is a country in which everybody is greater than everybody else; and since greatness consists in misleading the public, a man must show that he has a following, even at the cost of a permanent loss in the production of a newspaper. Mr. O'Brien can bring no additional strength to the Irish party, and Mr. Redmond knows that well; but unless he returns, the anti-clericals may submerge Mr. Redmond himself. In so far as I know the young men, that is really their purpose, and if they succeed, we have another "split".

I could say much more on this subject, but I must not in the least betray the confidence of the party, who trust me because I never mention one of them in connexion with his convictions. They do not mind how much of the truth I tell so long as I do not attribute anything true to any one of them.

PAT.

YSAYE.

THE playing of Ysaye is a great mystery; it is the mystery of the flesh, in which beauty is almost sinful. Other violinists are grave, chaste, or passionate; but his is the voice of the unappeasable agony of the senses. What Swinburne once wrote, he plays; his whole art is the art of Swinburne, as Kreisler's, by comparison, is the art of Browning. Kreisler is greater, but Ysaye fascinates. You see the music in the great black figure, that sways like a python; in the eyes that blink, and seem about to shed luxurious tears; the face like an actor's mask, enigmatic, quivering with emotion, listening to the sounds as they float up, a mask moulded into the shape of sound. The lips suck up music voluptuously: so the faun played on his pipe in the forests, when the wine of Bacchus had maddened him to a soft ecstasy. The tones are drops of magic dew, they are like wind and water, never like fire; they are pleasure, not joy; the soul is not in them, but a luxury which becomes divine because it was an ecstasy, even if a carnal ecstasy. A marvellous passage of double-stopping in one of the cadenzas in Beethoven was played as if one's teeth met in a peach. Other sounds seem to hurt the player as he draws them daintily, deliberately, out of their silence, crying out in them. He floats on the surface of a river of pure sound, and dreams; every note drops like water. He hears sound with all his nerves, and sets it to quiver like a thing tortured for pleasure. Always the dream is there, unholy, a rapture, a fascination: the playing of Ysaye, a thing perfect, faultless, invincible, in technique, moves us for none of

these things finally, but because there is in it a great mystery.

Ysaye's strange originality is not less evident in his technique than in his whole conception and treatment of music. It seems to be based on no tradition, to have found itself out for itself, to be something rarer and in a way vaguer than that of any other violinist, and as if the tone which he creates had some unfamiliar birth. His bowing has its own particular magic of method, and the method has no doubt come by this time to be unconscious. Others have done as he does, and begun to play inaudibly with the orchestra, before his time comes to enter and be heard, but no one has the same veiled delicate way of ending a phrase, or indeed scarcely of ending, but of letting the sound go imperceptibly out. He sucks its full ripeness out of every tone, not startling but entrancing the hearing, which he soothes as with a wizard's fingers. His technique, unclassical, romantic, though finished to perfection, is part of his unconscious revelation of himself. He does not play twice quite alike; he can be careless, forget what he is playing, be checked or quickened by a mood, a circumstance, a nothing; he adds to his power of mastery the surprise of an occasional divergence of it into some happy accident, and with immense dexterity conceals his art with his art.

The soul of Ysaye is lodged in the very pores of his body; he sweats music. Any ascetic thing is outside him; so that, while he can play Beethoven, he can not play Bach. The sonata for violin and piano, which he played at the beginning of his first recital at Queen's Hall, was given drily, with labour; the music, with its accompaniment on the piano, the modern instrument sounding so irrelevant, nowhere blending with the strings, became suddenly uninteresting, and all the magic had gone out of the violin. How can the body render the soul, when the soul is as bodiless as the sublime soul of Bach? All the limitations of this great, inspired player were seen in this rendering; in his incapacity to grapple with and master a force so alien from his own, in his indifference to music when it was merely noble and abstract.

Is it partly that Ysaye is fundamentally romantic, fundamentally unclassical? His technique follows no tradition, as Kreisler's does; Joachim could never have meant anything to him; whoever was his master, he has learnt little from anyone but himself. And so it is that his playing is never twice the same; but depends on the mood of the moment as well as on the mood of the music. Even Saint-Saëns, whose music is made for him, is not always to his liking; and at his last concert he played the whole of the third concerto, up to the last movement, without interest, without beauty, as he had played the sonata of César Franck, carelessly, indifferently, sometimes playing flat. Then, when the fire and sugar came in, though he missed the full crackle of that Spanish fire which only Sarasate, the Spaniard, can kindle, he gave us all the sugar of the really haunting melody which follows. That, he could not but abandon himself to; and the stealthy comfortable voice came back into the strings, and Ysaye had recaptured the music, and, with the music, himself.

At the concert where he played the Bach sonata Ysaye went on to the first violin concerto of Saint-Saëns, and the relief, indicated in the first leap of his bow on the strings, was like a re-awakening. Effective sound was there awaiting him, he caught it, glorified it, and the song-like part of it was as if a dream had been made audible. All the magic that he had taken from Bach he heaped upon Saint-Saëns, rendering with fierce delight this music so cunningly made for his instrument. Saint-Saëns is still the delight of the player, though of his music one can only say that it survives, not that it lives. His is the skill that once seemed to mean something, beyond itself; now it is stripped bare, and shows you the mere material made for the executant. He is one of the great examples of those who are thought, at their time of day, to be "classic". That is the name generally given in their lifetime to the mediocre, effective talents, in whom no genius exists to be distracting. Wherever Saint-Saëns is cleverest, it is in some telling sweetness or poignancy, as here and there in the violin music and in "Samson et Dalila". What once seemed, and may still seem to

some, "classical" is precisely the brilliant skill of writing which is content to make all its seeming novelties out of fixed and now lifeless forms. Another composer who is taking his place somewhere in the neighbourhood of Saint-Saëns in our concerts is César Franck, who, if he is more "serious" and has done better things in other parts of his music, is no great musician. At the concert where Ysaye played his sonata, leaving it a tedious thing even in his playing, he played also, with great severity, a seventeenth-century chaconne for violin and organ, and was it something in the seriousness of this music, or only the rich charm in the intimate mingling of the two instruments, that brought back all his attention, and with it all his skill?

And then I asked myself whether after all this magician does not play the best music best, or whether his magic lies wholly in his bow. Bach, as I have said, he has not in his body, and he could not give it to the soul; but Beethoven, but Mozart, who are each in his way romantic, what is it that he takes from them, or adds to them, in this rare collaboration? A sound, a harmony, say a mere sound, exists in Beethoven or in Mozart, as it exists in no César Franck or Saint-Saëns, and it comes to them, as we say, of its own accord, whenever it is wanted. Ysaye listens for that sound in the depths of Beethoven and on the heights of Mozart; it comes to him living and naked, and he clothes it with silken garments, as if it were a woman.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.

WE were up at dark to go home for a day's rabbit-shooting. Though the day opened wildly, the rain, first fine, then heavy, driving hard against the railway-carriage windows, there were glimpses of blue sky between the storms, and now and then for a short while sunshine. It was one of those deceptive days when, just as you make up your mind that it is to be fine, the sky darkens and the rain comes down, and then, when you fear it has set in for a soaking day, light appears in some quarter of the sky and a few minutes later it is like spring. So the weather kept on playing with us all day, but it never spoilt our pleasure.

Rising in the sheer dark of a winter morning is a hard thing, if one is a good sleeper. Yet presently when light comes flooding in, and the stir of the day begins, there is compensation. It is always good, in the great freshness of the early morning, to see people rousing to the daily work. There is a sense of strength and new hope about life, as well as nature, in these prime hours.

Leaving the railway station about nine o'clock, when the sun was touching the country with gentle warmth, we drove into the town for cartridges, and then turned homeward—really homeward. It was the first time I had driven home for nearly twenty years, a sensation singular and wholly delightful. True, I had constantly been in the neighbourhood, staying now at one village, now at another, shooting partridges in September or rabbits after the fall of the leaf, angling in the neighbourhood from April till late summer. I had been roaming the wood and common, watching the birds and butterflies, finding interest and beauty at all seasons. Still, home is largely a house. You cannot go quite home until you go to the very house where you were brought up. If the house had been pulled down, and another made in its stead, I might not have felt I was going really home when we set out from the town. This homing instinct, strong from the start, took complete hold of me as I got nearer the woods. Every familiar tree and landmark awoke somewhat the feeling of a friend. There was the sparkling spring, by the grass-grown brink of which used to grow the meadow-sweet and great willow-herb that as a child I always longed to gather and place in my flower-drying press. I used to think it very hard that I was always driven so quickly past that spot at the outskirts of the town, and somehow never had the chance to alight and plunge in among the wet grass at the edge of the brook. Then we came to the dim lane, which was described—wrongly, but that did not matter—as a remnant of a

Roman road. A few hundred yards on at the foot of the little hill—I used to think that must be one of the steepest short hills anywhere—is the hamlet sleeping to-day as it slept when we were children, and yet a little further the site of the real Roman road to Cirencester. Near at hand, in the mead with its avenue of tall elms, flash up in the green the head-waters of one of the best of trout streams. The very small Early English church cannot be seen from the highway, nor the Caroline rectory; only the ivied farm, which seems proof against change; but, if the farm is proof, not so its farmers. I am sure there have been many changes between the present tenant and the tenant who lived there in our child days. Is there any one indeed who has been suffered to remain in this or the neighbouring hamlet half a mile nearer home, and therefore the more homelike? The large house on the right of the road, set amidst its thick shrubberies and rooky elms, is comparatively new, replacing the old well-remembered grey one which was burnt down. When I think of that plain grey Hanoverian house that has gone, I begin to feel old, so far down the dark avenue of what has gone do I seem to see. It was there I first played croquet with a heavy mallet, there I first shot flying—a young rook—a practice, William Penn thought, that argued more of variety than judgment. Well, that house has clean gone, whilst the lesser one on the other side of the road is altered almost past recognition. The houses we have grown up amongst have faces like human beings, and it is disturbing to find them renewed and made to look young again: all their cracks and wrinkles gone, cunningly smoothed over and hid, their battered worn complexions exchanged for brand-new ones highly rouged by art. Sometimes such a change comes upon one as quite a shock: the repairs seem so meretricious. Neighbourhoods, however, must be kept up and improved—one would rather have it so, however kind our feelings may be towards what is old and familiar, than neglect and a sense of decay and tumbling to pieces. And after all, it is not so bad as I thought; not all the inhabitants of those very good days have gone out of this little hamlet two miles from home. In the larger village on the other side of the hills there does really seem to have been a clean sweep, or at any rate the old folk have been shuffled like a pack of cards, removed from place to place. For instance, what has become of the village labourer whose head moved slower than did even his feet among the heavy ploughed land, whom as sharp children we were so fond of making fun of because he declared that he was not going to risk losing his money by investing it in a small village post-office? Where is the man who at election time said that he intended to vote, not for Mr. Gladstone, but for Mr. —, naming the local candidate? This man really thought there were only two candidates at the general election, Gladstone one and the local Tory M.P.—who was not opposed—the other. Both have disappeared as utterly as the swing gate at the top of the hill which was removed when the turnpikes came to an end. I might as well enquire after their pigs as after them. One very familiar figure of childhood I did come across only a few years ago, the old village tailor who made us our first real suits of boys' clothes. And he was the last survivor of those distant figures that move before the mind's eye as a figure is seen moving in a blue haze at the end of a long avenue. But in this smaller hamlet two inhabitants are even now to be seen and recognised, going about their daily work just as they used to do of yore. I saw the excellent carpenter, who had lost flesh but seems on the whole to have weathered the storms of life well enough. He was standing on his premises and inspecting his works just as I used to see him when I rode home from the town on my obstinate pony. The other figure—a woman—is scarcely changed. I saw her last summer carrying the same bucket from the same well. That bucket has probably been going up and down that well for generations. I know them, but think they have forgotten me.

The last milestone before the wood is reached and passed, the easy hill mounted, and a few minutes later we have turned past the lodge up the drive, and are at the front door. As we are to start shooting

early, and the other guns will be here in a few minutes, there is no time to look thoroughly at anything, no time to sort out and arrange the host of memories which crowd in the mind. One is too hurried for that. Yet these are some of the most delightful and living moments. All the disillusion and cares and struggles slip away, and a man grows into a boy again. There is just time for a glance at the view of blue hills from the breakfast-room windows. I know the ash tree struck by lightning is still on the slightly raised lawn. That tree is a very old friend. A missel thrush would make its great prominent nest in the tree, and from the topmost twigs in July a purple emperor butterfly would float down to settle on the gravel path outside the dining-room. I have been trying in vain to recall whether or no the stunted little yew, under which we used to swing, and in the low boughs of which the golden-crested wren built her hanging nest, is still there; as a friend of standing that tree must be at least coeval with the ash. It is a common experience with people when they return after many years to the home of childhood to find things smaller than they have been picturing: the gardens and streams and lakes and trees all cast on a smaller scale than of old. Certainly I found this looking at the limes and the horse-chestnuts. At one time I should have scorned the suggestion that there could be bigger trees of their kind in England. I could not scorn that suggestion now.

The heavy brake-fern has hardly been beaten down enough by weather for us to shoot in the woods yet. So we keep ourselves chiefly to the common, the dense "rows" of which are like primeval forest. The pasturage rights on this common belong to the freeholders of the village at the foot of the hill, who have also the sole right to cut—for their household use, but not for sale—the fern and gorse and the rough underwood, which is mainly blackthorn. To us as lords of the manor belongs the right to cut the timber, and to kill the game, furred and feathered. With the exception of an occasional woodcock and some wild pheasants, the game is rabbits, and real sport they give with half-a-dozen sharp dogs bustling among the bushes. The shooting lunch at the keeper's cottage is a pleasant break in the day's sport. Lunch in the open is very well if the ground is not soaking. But when the storm lashes the window-pane it is pleasant to enjoy one's refreshment and pipe in a warm room. A streaming waterproof is no great evil when one is shooting; but to sit down in it in the open is another thing.

To enjoy the sports of the country to one's utmost capacity, it has often seemed to me that perhaps one should not live in the country the year round. This view is not shared by all sportsmen and those who have their chief pleasure in life in country sights and pursuits. Yet many who live in the absolute country throughout the year, even in the best spots in England, are often annoyed by petty scandal and quarrel; whereas the man who part of the year lives out of the district need not even hear, much less join in, the wretched gossip, the differences between neighbours, rivalries between men who engage in local affairs. He comes simply to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the country, to see the better side of things.

The company during our day's sport leaves nothing to be desired; the rabbits have never been livelier; the dogs on the whole work well; if we do not come across the pheasants where we hoped, nor flush a woodcock on the woodcock's favourite ground, we expect better fortune next time, and agree that rabbits after all afford some of the very best sport. It pours with rain, but there are intervals of brilliant sun, and once in the warm parlour of the keeper's cottage the storm without rather adds to our pleasure and comfort. The supreme necessity for enjoyment is keenness, the sauce of life. Must we not be very keen, and therefore in the right mood to enjoy, when we rise before daybreak and travel far on a midwinter day just to shoot rabbits and a few wild pheasants, and lunch on beef and beer in a little cottage among dripping woods?

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

"PETER PAN" REVISITED.

IT is now as a matter of course that "Peter Pan" is revived for Christmas. One would have thought that by stretching out these tentacles on eternity the play had given proof enough of the esteem it is held in. Mr. Frohman, however, is directing its attention to infinity, as well. He has made it spread itself out from the auditorium into the vestibule. The ordinary box-office has been removed, and you now book your seats through a window of Wendy's cottage. Dear sweet little Wendy, for whom we all have such a warm corner in our hearts! How "awfully fascinating," as she would say, her cottage looks here! See, it is all complete, with a hoot instead of a knocker on the door; and there is smoke coming out through the crownless top-hat that serves as chimney. Real smoke? No, dear, not real smoke. That would make the poor fairies cough. It is steam, dear; the same as you see coming out of the puff-puff when you go to the country to stay with your grandmother. Yes, darling, grandmothers are mothers, too. Crying? Yes, of course I am crying. Didn't you hear me use the word "mothers"? But see, I am smiling through my tears. I am nothing if not whimsical. There! Slip your little hand into mine while I speak to the nice kind gentleman through Wendy's window.

Personally, I cannot help feeling rather sorry for this nice kind gentleman. His new premises must be sadly inductive to self-consciousness. Might he not feel more at home if the management dressed him up as Wendy and had done with it? I daresay this step is already under consideration. Next year, doubtless, the commissionaires will be "presented" by Mr. Frohman as pirates and Redskins; and Mr. Frohman himself, attached to a copper wire, will fly hither and thither overhead, in the costume of Peter Pan.

Are such adventitious aids really needed? I should have thought the play was, commercially, quite well able to look after itself. Written ostensibly to amuse children, it was written really to touch and amuse their elders. If children were people of independent means, accustomed to book seats for themselves, and free to pick and choose just whichever entertainments gave them the greatest pleasure, the Duke of York's Theatre would not, I fancy, be quite so well packed as it now is. Or rather, there would be more room for the adults to flock into. If there is one thing which the average child has not, and the average adult has, that thing is sentimentality. Mr. Barrie's sentimentality, you will agree, is far more intense than that of the average adult. It is the sentimentality of hundreds of adults rolled into one: the sentimentality, in fact, of a huge crowd. You can make a crowd cry, just as you can make it laugh, at things which would affect not at all any one isolated unit of that crowd. If Mr. Barrie led you or me aside to have a good-long talk about maternity, I doubt whether either of us, after a while, would be unwilling to change the subject. But neither you nor I constitute a theatrical audience. To you and me a host of other folk must be super-added. When that is done, our receptivity goes up by leaps and bounds, and Mr. Barrie cannot dilate too long on maternity to hold our attention, or too tenderly to keep us in tears. But the children? Are they, too, rapt and tearful? To a certain extent, I daresay, they are affected by the magnetic currents in the adult crowd around them. But I suspect their thoughts of straying. And is there ever, I wonder, any appreciable moisture in their eyes? I hope not. When children cry, they cry because they are unhappy. Savages, they have not acquired the art of being sentimental. They are not in a position to appreciate the central beauties of "Peter Pan". The tears and fears of Mrs. Darling, the yearning of the pirates for Wendy to mother them, the delight of the poor lost children at having Wendy as mother in the "Never, Never Land"—all this sort of thing leaves cold their savage breasts. They cannot see themselves as others see them, cannot recognise in Wendy and Peter creatures of like passions with themselves. The curtain that falls in the entr'actes purports to be a vast sampler, worked by Wendy; and among

the devices thereon are the following inscriptions: Dear Hans Christian Andersen, Dear Charles Lamb, Dear Robert Louis Stevenson, Dear Lewis Carroll. Wendy, you perceive, is no savage. Her appreciation of "Alice in Wonderland" is no evidence, of course; for that book is not an explicitly sentimental one—far from it. But she has not a word to say for the straightforward Grimm; Hans Andersen, the tender allegorist, is the man for her. And the elaborate naïvetés of "The Child's Garden of Verse" have enchanted her. And she dotes on "Dream Children". I am sure "Dear Charles Lamb" would, as in the case of someone else, have wished to feel her bumps. Her bump of precocity must be of the size of an orange; and it is strange that she ever has any leaning towards Redskins and pirates. I wonder, by the way, whether the children of this generation had ever heard of Redskins and pirates until they were taken to see Mr. Barrie's play. The innumerable ladies and gentlemen who write books for children are much too preoccupied by the children themselves to take thought of those outlandish and outmoded adults. Of course these books are not read, or are read without pleasure, by children: it is the adults who devour them, while the children satisfy their own romantic cravings with the tit-bits of information purveyed by the popular press, opening wide their eyes and thrilling at the thought that if all the pins that are daily dropped in the streets within the four-mile radius were joined together lengthwise they would reach from London to Milan. What distinguishes Mr. Barrie from the hosts of other people writing "for" children is that he has not utterly forgotten his own childhood, and is able to bolster up the pretence that he is writing "for" them by introducing now and again such things as really do delight them. All the pirate scenes in "Peter Pan" are of a kind to delight children. Especially the crocodile's slow, unrelenting pursuit of Captain Hook appeals to them, as combining the elements of terror and of moral edification—two elements very dear, believe me, to children. But even in these scenes Mr. Barrie slips into indulgence of maturity, as when Hook cries "Split my infinitives!" and in Hook's dying speech about the vanity of human ambition—"all mortals envy me", &c. It is for such touches of wayward humour that Mr. Barrie's work is beloved by me. In the theatre, of course, I weep with the best of them about darling Mrs. Darling's tears and fears and boys and joys. But in the solitude of my study, cut off from the magnetism of the adult crowd, and reviewing the play soberly as a critic, I become even as a little child.

Several differences have been made in the play since I saw it three—or four?—years ago. The Mermaid's Lagoon is new to me, and seems rather dull—perhaps because of the funereal darkness in which it is set before us. A more palpable gain is the disappearance of the squaw whose passion for Peter struck decidedly a false note. Miss Pauline Chase, as Peter, gambols about very prettily and light-heartedly, but of the soul of Peter gives us nothing. Miss Nina Boucicault was eerie and emotional, thus fulfilling the author's intention. Peter is "the boy who wouldn't grow up", for the simple reason that he couldn't, being grown up already. Miss Chase is too near to her own childhood to realise the part, and plays it as any child would play it, with a wholesome, high-spirited blankness. Miss Hilda Trevelyan must be older than she looks, for she plays Wendy with a sensitiveness of art that utterly belies her air of childhood. Mr. A. E. Matthews succeeds Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as Mr. Darling, and the part seems (you can hardly wonder) to make him peevish. He should have been cast for the part of Mr. Darling's elder son. The gentleman who plays that part has all the manner and appearance of a rising politician, and thus the scene in which he plays at "fathers and mothers", and the scene in which he rebels against having a bath, rather miss the mark. Mr. Robb Harwood succeeds Mr. Du Maurier as Hook, and is even better than Mr. Du Maurier, who clown the part admirably, but did not, as does Mr. Harwood, make of it a distinguished and haunting grotesque, a grotesque of sombre beauty, worthy of the sombre and beautiful costume that Mr. Nicholson designed for it.

MAX BEERBOHM.

CADDISES INSECT AND HUMAN.

FEW people go through life without making around them a shell of one kind or another, partly for protection, partly for the solace of their own sweet selves. In truth, without some hardening of the epidermis, through accretion of experience or secretion of prejudice, no one would get through life at all. A tiro in entomology, on seeing the dissection of a caterpillar, expressed surprise: he had always, he said, thought that a caterpillar was nothing but skin and squash. Without some outer induration, without some shell, humanity would be all squash, much too fluid and diffuse for comfort or elegance.

But such necessary and therefore universal hardening is only one form of shell. Naturally developed, it is a part of ourselves. But the majority of mankind collects around it another sort of shell altogether, piled together by selection of heterogeneous material, no part of itself at all but necessary to its well-being, like the case or husk of the caddis.

This ingenious larva ("to know what flies every particular caddis turns, and then how to use them, is an art, and an art that every one that professes to be an angler has not leisure to search after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning")—builds himself, as all anglers know, a case of rushes or sticks, or sometimes of tiny shells and stones. Chiefly, no doubt, this is for his own protection, no self-respecting fish being likely to swallow him with such a mass of trimmings. But, looking at the cases, it is difficult to avoid an opinion that taste and fancy go to the making of them. The shell cases are especially desirable residences for single gentlemen. As a rule, the shells used are empty, the vacated abodes of deceased snails, but sometimes living inhabitants and all are glued into the caddis's wall; and often have we speculated as to the life led by a snail irrevocably attached as corner-stone to the mansion of a peripatetic and predaceous caddis. Parasites they are not. We fancy them like those strange human wrecks who are to be found stranded in boarding-houses. Ostensibly paying guests, they are at liberty to flit at a week's notice, but, year after year, they stay on. Such were Mrs. Lirriper's Major Jackman and Mrs. Roper's Miss Spruce.

As the race of Caddises, so is the race of Man. Round the average man, as he lives on, a mass of lumber collects, a congeries of queer odds and ends at which he looks from time to time, wondering how he got them but which he would miss if he lost them. He is something in the position of Bon Gaultier:

"Odd although it may be thought
I can't tell who the deuce it was
Who gave me this forget-me-not."

With a difference, for he knows that once he thought them worth having and gave them, so to say, to himself.

Many such cases are formed of books. No bookman, however superficial his reading, seems able to live a month in one place without becoming the nucleus of a library. A poor library often enough but still a collection of books. As a test of a man's taste, these casual drift-heaps of literature, which silt up around him wherever he for a while abides, are interesting. Shelley, in the nomad days of his first marriage, would be found neck-deep in books before he had been in a house a week. Then would come a flitting, and, leaving his half-formed shell behind him, he would rush elsewhere, to be found again in a fortnight up to the eyes in books. It had been an interesting paperchase to follow his wanderings, and reconstruct him from his footmarks as professors do plesiosaurs. Though, at that period of his life, Shelley was ploughing arid sands of Godwinism, and the books he left behind were probably deadly dull. But a man need not be a genius or an enthusiast to have this book-attracting quality. Quite everyday men have it. Ask one to stay with you, and shortly you will find your library shelves disgorging their contents into his bedroom. Examine the gaps, and you can form a working hypothesis of his taste. Few men, again, worthy of the name, can consent to the destruction of a book. Sooner than burn it, most men say, give it to me: and not

wanting it in the least they add it to their growing caddis-case.

Books are, however, by no means the only things of which men make them cases. C. G. Leland, for instance, "never had a room anywhere, if only for a day, that he did not promptly decorate it". Bunches of locust-thorn and canoe-paddles crossed on the walls when he was in the wilds, little wooden Virgins "cheaper than firewood" when he was at Florence, bric-à-brac everywhere he would have. The taste may be childish, but it is innocent and attractive. And common. Most of us know people who never go for a walk without finding something: A thing often neither rich nor rare, yet with what pride they bring it home!

We knew a man who made a point of buying every thing the City hawkers sold for a penny. He had shelves on which his treasures were displayed, and a wonderful collection of trumpery it was. A lot of ingenuity and cleverness goes to the making of some of those penny toys. But, collector-like, all was fish that came to his net at a penny. He bought them all, and so he formed his shell.

Mr. Wemmick, again, was clearly a caddis, as is shown by his love of "portable property", consisting chiefly of mourning rings given him by deceased (hanged we regret to say) clients, but to which he would at a pinch add a pair of tumbler pigeons, which, as he sagely remarked, were "portable property as far as they went".

To some men again other men adhere by agglutination. Not always for what they can get. Johnson is a case in point, and he was bare enough when he formed that shell of poor dependents around him which sounds to us so uncomfortable.

We sometimes fancy that we see the same spirit, though not displayed in so concrete a form, in the trick some people have of catch phrases, whether quotations or sprouts of their own wit. They decorate their shells with them, using them continually. One instance we remember in a master at Harrow. It would be rash to assert that he had but one sermon, but as sure as his good grey head wagged in the pulpit we knew we should hear of the wonders of creation, from the starry firmament on high to "the calcareous exuviae of the microscopic animalculæ". It was an orotundity which could scarcely escape notice at first hearing. Often repeated, it was awaited with eagerness and received by the whole chapel with a sort of sigh of satisfaction. It was as much a mark of the dear old boy as was the new blue umbrella he invariably bought for every successive Lord's. Whether he invented it we never knew, or whether, struck with its sonorousness, he had glued it to his case, and it became as it were a part of himself.

BIRDS OF THE FIELD.—VI.

THE RUFFS AND THE REEVE.

PERHAPS there is no bird more calculated to try the temper if not shake the dogmatic convictions of the orthodox indoor naturalist, who should make its acquaintance out of doors, than the ruff (*Machetes pugnax*). Let us imagine that such a naturalist, seated, perhaps, with pen and ink before him, in the little private sanctuary lying aside from those long aisles of corpses which he has for long been accustomed to think of when speaking or writing of "nature," is shot out suddenly, through window or skylight, into the chill, vernal air, and transported over miles of land and sea—a distance for which he himself with his lifelong call for specimens is not wholly irresponsible—to be deposited, at last, amidst an inhospitable waste, behind and partly covered by a shelter of peat-turfs, without a chair, without a table, void of shelves, books and cases, and with not even a suspicion of hot-air pipes. Amazed, confounded, catching even at the wildest hypothesis to explain so extraordinary a change from comfort and self-complacency—as, for instance, that he himself has fallen asleep over his own paper on tissues or classification—he rubs his eyes violently and looks around. All is at first dark, but soon a pale light, which becomes gradually clearer, begins to steal

through a small loophole in the comfortless peat, and to this, though in a strained position, his face, by the same magic power that has transported him hither, becomes glued, whilst, more wonderful still, a faculty of observation which till now has been either non-existent or starved for lack of matter takes sudden and disagreeable possession of him. By virtue of this new acquisition he notices directly in front of him upon the dreary strand, and not more than twenty paces distant, some shadowy forms which, in spite of their being in motion and assuming very un-set-up attitudes, he is forced, as it becomes lighter, to recognise as birds and—alive. Against this last most unwelcome conclusion—corroborating as it does his growing conviction that he is not in the museum—he for some time struggles, but vainly. The light and his own new-born powers are both increasing. They are live birds—not specimens—and with a groan he recognises that he is totally unable to make them so. "Oh, seen and lost!" Opportunity and propinquity wasted! Oh nature, as barren and profitless unencased as unclassified! But, at least, if he cannot kill them and stuff them, he will not look at them. He will shut his eyes—hard—as he has so often before. But stay; what's this? He cannot do that now; enchantment keeps them open!

It has now, for some time, been apparent to our naturalist that the birds he is obliged to watch are ruffs. Ever since their forms became first dimly visible they have scudded, at intervals, over a certain limited area—their lek-place or nuptial assembly-ground. Sometimes, during these ebullitions, a pair or two may have made a few springs at one another, but, as the dawn lightens, it becomes more and more evident that fighting, as commonly understood, is by no means the most pronounced feature of what is in progress. A necessity of violent motion, a sort of distributed and but half-hostile frenzy, seems much more to guide the birds' actions than any pronounced warlike feelings of the orthodox type—they seem, in fact, more mad than pugnacious. As yet, however, no teterrima causa belli in the shape of a reeve has appeared upon the scene. When she makes a part in it the fighting will take a fiercer character, protracted pitched battles between well-matched champions will be more in evidence, and the prize, without any sign of predilection, or even of interest, on her part, will fall to the lot of the most "vigorous" pretendant. So thinks our field-naturalist "malgré lui", as the sun, rising gallantly through the light morning mists, begins to turn a flat and homely landscape into a very fairyland. Touched by his rays, the frosted grass glistens and sparkles, and the ruffs, as though to salute him, stretch upwards and flap their wings, standing a-tiptoe, or even make little excited leaps into the air, where, for a few seconds, they hang hovering. The real cause, however, of these actions is a less appreciative one. A band of companions—and with all their blustering ruffs are most companionable—appear, all at once, flying overhead, and, after a series of circles which, whether far or near, have the gathering-ground as their centre, descend suddenly upon it. This, for some moments, causes general confusion, the birds, both those that have been at their posts and the newly-arrived ones, racing like small ostriches over the course, turning when at the end of it, crouching and then racing the other way, pursuing but soon ceasing to pursue one another, meeting fortuitously and so springing and sparring for a few hasty moments to separate and race again, their expanded frills, flowing headgear and generally dishevelled plumage giving them the appearance of having been caught in some little local hurricane—for, though the wind is ceaseless all around, it is not of unusual violence. But, all at once, a sudden and almost mysterious calm falls upon this little, turbulent ocean of living beings, the waves sink, then cease, and, but for the trembling of plume and feather, there would be, for quite an appreciable period, almost complete quiescence. What can be the reason? The field of our naturalist's purview being limited—for his head is not extended through the hole—this is, for some moments, doubtful to him; then, upon the verge of the arena, appears a small, brown, demure little form—the reeve to wit—that, with staid steps, begins slowly, as it were, to pick a way amidst the tamed and humbled bravos. These have now

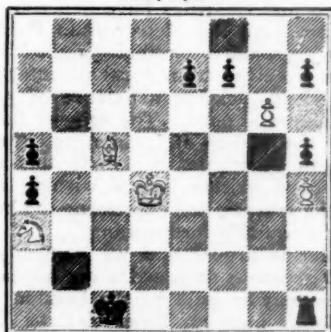
assumed a prostrate or semi-prostrate attitude, the most striking feature of which is that the head is bent towards the ground—indeed almost touches it—so that a spirit of chivalrous devotion is fancifully suggested, or would be did not the scene have still more absurdly the appearance of a bird prayer-meeting. For the rest, the birds have a tense and rigid look, and, whilst some lie right along the ground, in (except for the head) an incubatory attitude, others still stand, and only stoop towards it, so that, from the now exalted tail-feathers to the sunk head, they make a descending line. Into the midst of this strangely posturing group the hen, or reeve, advances, and as she does so first one and then another of her expectant beaux starts, with dramatic suddenness, into renewed, but now altered, activity, bustles—almost dances—about her, swells out his ruff, prostrates himself in her path, rises and bustles about her again, to sink at last, as she passes forward, into that same strange cataleptic-looking condition from which her near presence has roused him. All this does not happen—as might be expected—without some collisions between ruff and ruff. The firmament is thickly sown, and it is difficult for any one little planet to revolve about its sun without impinging for some moments upon the orbit of another who, as the latter sweeps onward in space, begins also to revolve. So, too, the excitement of feeling under which the suitors are labouring is not conducive to uniformity of action. Though revolutions about a certain centre represent the general law, yet often, like stars of more erratic tendencies, they “start from their spheres” to meet, with a crash, in mid-heaven. In fact the birds get into one another's way, and then, for a moment or two, may fight fiercely together, but our enchanted naturalist cannot but observe that, though excitement is intensified, owing to the reeve's presence, the actual fighting does not appear to have increased correspondingly, but is incidental merely to the main theme—the desire, that is to say, of every male present to render himself attractive in the eyes of the hen. As for the latter, whilst by no means inclined, as it would seem, to be unduly impressed with the attentions that surround her, she is evidently quite conscious of them, and it is with the appearance, at any rate, of a nice discrimination that she advances, at last, to a certain bird whose actions have far less distinguished him amongst his fellows than have a fine person and a very fine ruff, presses herself against him, and finally touches him with her bill, which rests, for a moment, on his head. She has, in fact, chosen him.

EDMUND SELOUS.

CHESS END-GAMES.

PROBLEM 129. By H. RINCK (of Barcelona).

Black, 8 pieces.



White, 5 pieces.

White to play and win.

A CASUAL perusal of chess columns and magazines of the last few years reveals a praiseworthy tendency to devote more space to end-games and that large class of helpful studies which bear some likeness to actual warfare over the board. This tendency appeals to the practical man.

Great attention was paid to this branch of chess by the ancients, although many of the specimens were of

a somewhat crude or exaggerated type; and, nearer our own time, Horwitz and Kling immortalised themselves among chess-players by their collaboration in the art. Professor Berger, Centurini, Behting, Troitzki and others still later have exploited the possibilities through countless ramifications.

The typical position given is much less artificial, and therefore more useful, than the general run of endings, and might quite conceivably occur. Moreover, it conceals an extraordinary fine “try”, so instructive as almost to overshadow the true line of procedure.

To take the second version first, little circumspection is required to see that the wing pawn must be taken and that black, after driving white to K₄ by checking, must retreat his rook to the first line.

White now gains valuable time by 3. B-Q₄ P-B₃, and then follows 4. K-B₅, and if black moves R-KB₁, then B-B₅ must win; or if the king moves, white marches his king to the help of his advanced pawn.

Black, therefore, retorts with 4. P-K₄, whereupon 5. B-B₃! R-KR₁, 6. K-Kt₆ K-Q₈, 7. K-Kt₇ R×P ch, 8. K×R K-K₇, 9. K-Kt₆ K-Q₆, 10. B×RP, winning, because black's pawns can easily be stopped by sacrifices, and white's remaining pawn will soon have an unobstructed road to promotion.

The mode of procedure if white continues with 2. K-K₃ is very delicate and repays investigation. Black of course must retreat his castle as before, and after 3. B×P R-KR₁, 4. B-B₆ R×P, 5. K-K₂, it seems at first that white must again be victorious. But this move, though it wins the rook (for the pawn prevents a stalemate), is insufficient if black seizes all his opportunities. The game might proceed as follows:

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 5. . . . | R-R ₃ | 13. K×P | K-Kt ₈ |
| 6. B-Kt ₅ ch | K-Kt ₇ | 14. K-Kt ₄ | P-R ₈ =Q |
| 7. Kt-B ₅ ch | K-B ₆ | 15. B×Q | K×B |
| 8. B×R | K×Kt | 16. P-R ₅ | P-R ₅ |
| 9. B-Kt ₇ | P-R ₆ | 17. P-R ₆ | P-R ₆ |
| 10. K-B ₃ | P-R ₇ | 18. P-R ₇ | P-R ₇ |
| 11. K-B ₄ | K-Q ₆ ? | 19. P-R ₈ =Q ch and wins | |
| 12. K-Kt ₅ | K-B ₇ | | |

For white easily drives the king to a mating position in the corner. But had black at his eleventh move given up his BP, which perforce must be taken, then white could not force the game owing to the impossibility of losing a move at the end to avoid the draw. There are, of course, variations, but the above shows the main outlines to be followed.

The subjoined dashing little game was played recently against some amateurs in consultation. There is no opening, except perhaps the “Scotch”, in which the attack, without extreme vigilance, can more easily slip from one's grasp than the Vienna, and here the balance speedily inclines to the black allies. Their queen's pawn is the main aggressor, and white's queen's pawn the obstructor, and so superior is the mobility of black's forces that a sacrifice can be ventured quite easily.

White, possibly, precipitated matters by 10. Q-K₄ instead of P-Kt₃, but even then his game was distinctly inferior.

VIENNA OPENING.

- | White | Black | White | Black |
|------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Tschigorin | Allies | Tschigorin | Allies |
| 1. P-K ₄ | P-K ₄ | 9. P-QKt ₃ | P×P |
| 2. Kt-QB ₃ | Kt-KB ₃ | 10. Q-K ₄ | Kt-B ₃ |
| 3. P-B ₄ | P-Q ₄ | 11. Kt-B ₃ | Q-Q ₂ |
| 4. P-Q ₃ | P×BP | 12. P-QR ₃ | Castles, QR |
| 5. B×P | B-QKt ₅ | 13. P×B | B-Q ₄ |
| 6. P-K ₅ | P-Q ₅ ! | 14. Q-K ₂ | QR-Kt ₁ |
| 7. P×Kt | P×Kt | 15. B-K ₃ | B×Kt |
| 8. Q-K ₂ ch | B-K ₃ | 16. Q×B | Kt-Q ₅ |

The ace of trumps. Black could also play R×B ch immediately, but this does not satisfy the artistic temperament. There is nothing further to record except appreciation of the concluding sacrifice of the queen.

- | | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 17. Q-B ₂ | R×B ch | 19. K-B ₁ | Q-B ₅ ! |
| 18. K-Q ₁ | Q-Kt ₅ ch | Resigns | |

PROBLEM 130. By A. TROITZKI.—White (3 pieces): K-KR₅, B-QKt₃, P-KB₅. Black (2 pieces): K-Q₄, P-KB₆. White to play and draw.

KEY TO PROBLEM 128:—1. P-Q₇, R×Kt. 2. Q-Q₅ ch!

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEMOS AT THE ZOO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 December, 1907.

SIR,—A Bank-holiday at the Zoo is always an education—in the inferiority of man to beast. I was struck yesterday with the brilliant results of thirty years' compulsory education, in which animal-lore makes a brave show; see the walls of any Board School. I have gone to the Zoo on Boxing-day year after year; never have I heard more, perhaps not so much, rowdiness and noise in the houses as this year. Smoking in the houses has become general. In the crowd waiting to see the lions fed were swarms of elementary school-brats smoking paper, and bigger brats smoking cigars. The smoke was puffed in the very faces of the animals. In the Monkey-house a group of puny young men were offering lighted cigarettes to monkeys. Near by a distinguished foreigner, who described himself as a medical man, was most indignant because a visitor (visitors are asked by notice to help the staff to enforce the rules) asked him to stop smoking. That these things should be under the successfully reforming rule of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell F.R.S. is peculiar testimony to the depravity of the Demos of to-day.

Yours obediently,
ZOOPHIL.

"SHIPPING" OARS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 December, 1907.

SIR,—“Old Oarsman” is naturally adrift. But what would he say to hearing “bow-side” and “stroke-side” termed “port” and “starboard”—by a retired mariner too! The sea hath its pearls.

SINBAD.

"SIDE" IN BILLIARDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 December, 1907.

SIR,—I have not seen Lord Dunedin's letter as to the effect of “side” on a billiard ball, but you say he wants to know why, if you hit the ball on the left side, it goes to the left, and on the right to the right. “X, Y, Z” clearly cannot answer him. May I suggest a theory? The effect of “side” on a billiard ball is the same as the “bias” in bowls. In both cases the ball runs straight until it strikes something or begins to slow down, when the “bias” or the “side” immediately becomes apparent. Does not this explain Lord Dunedin's difficulty?

Yours, AMATEUR.

SOMBRERO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Shrewsbury, 22 December.

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Max Beerbohm, in an article on an Italian music hall, says his “local colour is lamentably faint” of the language of the country of which he is writing, and asks “Should it be sombreros or sombrero?” It should be neither. “Sombrero” is not an Italian word. There is a word somewhat resembling it, but then it does not mean anything he would find in an Italian music hall.

Yours &c., AMBROSE MORIARTY.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS AND CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE TERMINUS AD QUEM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Boston, U.S.A. 10 December 1907.

SIR,—For the absolute truth of the following facts, furnished me at first hand by a friend, I can vouch. The appropriateness of their appearing at the coming Christian festival is self-evident. They are the natural unforced fruit of secular—“undenominational”—education: of the largest, completest, and most boasted system of it in the world.

The greatest and most conservative of the New England publishing houses accepted for publication an

elementary spelling-book for use in the “public” schools. One of the early lessons consisted of these two sentences:

“To-morrow will be Christmas Day. On that day Christ was born.”

When it reached the printing-house the last three words were underlined, and the following comment appended in the margin:

“Jews will object to bringing this in. Besides, the fact that Christ was born on 25 December is not established.”

This objection was considered to be well taken, and as it went to the press the words “Christ was born” was changed into “we always go to visit our grandmother”!

And this in the “hub of the universe”, the city of the “Brahmin caste”, the capital of Puritan New England!

One hardly knows, Sir, whether to admire most the anti-Christian bigotry of it or the appalling lack of the sense of humour which could change the sublime pathos of the words as they first stood (laden with all the tenderest and noblest associations of civilised history) into the sentimental bathos of the accepted form.

Surely this is joining hands with M. Briand “à faire chasser Jésus-Christ à coups de pied des Écoles”—“for fear of the Jews”! No need to add—“des palais, des hôpitaux, des églises.” He is either kicked out of them already, or He will be—without the turmoil of overturning an ancient Catholic system, as in France—when you have eliminated Him from the infant mind in the schools, and substituted a silly “grandmother”!

“Which things”, as the “Arabian Nights” says, “are a warning to him who would be admonished.”

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
CHRISTIANUS.

GROVE HALL PARK, BOW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Rectory, Bow, E., 12 December, 1907.

SIR,—Please permit us to place before your readers particulars of an effort to secure three and a half acres of the Grove Hall Estate, Bow, E., for a people's park and children's playground. To those who do not know the estate, we may say it is situated in the midst of a thickly-populated working-class neighbourhood, is well covered with some fine old trees and good grass, and is the very last open space in the district. The total cost will be about £9,000, of which the London County Council are contributing one-half—viz. £4,500 (besides bearing the cost of laying out and of future maintenance); the Poplar Borough Council are contributing one-fourth (£2,250), and a committee has been formed to raise, by subscriptions, the remaining one-fourth (£2,250). Towards this amount the trustees of the London Parochial Charities have generously promised the last £250, and the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association £50, and altogether £1,400 has now been promised or received from local manufacturers, residents and friends, leaving a balance of £850, which must be procured at once. The scheme has the warm approval of the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Stepney, both of whom, in kindly forwarding contributions, have written letters wishing all possible success to the scheme, and expressing the hope that the money may be quickly forthcoming.

The matter is urgent and we earnestly ask for a prompt and generous response to our appeal.

Donations may be paid to the London and South-Western Bank, Limited, Bow, E.; the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, Bow, E., or to any of the undersigned, who will gladly furnish any further information or supply list of subscriptions to date.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY J. KITCAT, Rector of Bow and Chairman of Committee.

HENRY A. MASON, Vicar of S. Stephen's, Bow, Rural Dean of Poplar.

GILBERT BARTHOLOMEW, Fairfield Works, Bow, E., Vice-Chairman of Committee.

THOS. ALEX. COOK, Soap Works, Bow, E., Hon. Secretary of Committee.

THE ELECTIONS IN ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony,
25 November, 1907.

SIR,—In my last letter I made a forecast of 25 unopposed returns: there were, in fact, only 16 unopposed, but the result showed that nine contests were fought as a forlorn hope, the figures serving only to expose the political nakedness of the land.

My forecast of the result of the elections as a whole was: "Unie," 32 seats; "Constitutional Party," 6 seats. The actual result is: Unie and Independent, 32 seats; Constitutional and Independent, 5 seats; the one member unallotted being the member for the "Mining Towns" seat, an Englishman, but returned simply in the mining interest and likely to support the Government.

Out of twenty-two contests, only eleven were fought by Constitutional and Independent Constitutional candidates; the other eleven being fought by candidates best described as Unie malcontents, of whom not one came within measurable distance of success.

The "test case" of the whole elections, the test of the value of Dutch independence of thought as against Unie discipline, is the Senekal election. This was contested against the Unie by Mr. Vilonel, late Commandant of National Scouts, as an Independent. He is the arch hands-upper, and his appearance as a candidate (late in the day) was to be the signal for revolt against domestic tyranny. It is his own district, his popularity is great, and most of the voters were "hands-uppers" with him in the Scouts and have since the war met with the same social ostracism, abuse and persecution. Yet only 262 voted for him, including the English vote, against 762.

This parallels the grotesque failure of bona fide Boer Independent candidates in the Transvaal elections in February, where National Scouts who had been caught and mutilated in the war by their "brother" Boers voted with their persecutors lest worse things should befall them.

A feature of the results is the representation of the "Urban Groups", four seats given to groups of small country villages apart from their districts. This arrangement was intended by the West-Ridgeway Commission to prevent to some extent the swamping of the English vote in that of the almost entirely Dutch vote of the country at large. The average "dorp" being rather more aggressively "Dutch" in opinion than the district of which it is a centre, the expedient seemed doubtful from the first; and in fact three of these four Urban Groups have proved to be Unie strongholds, the other being the "Mining Towns", which has gone to a mining member.

As a light on the "fusion of the races", which has been claimed by each party as its special feature, the list of members shows three out of thirty-two Unie members with English names, and one out of five Constitutional members with a Dutch name; the three "English" Unie members being English in name only.

An analysis of the polling gives—Unie, 11,546 votes; and Constitutional and Independent, 3,419 votes only. A division of the electorate of the unopposed seats in the same ratio would give a gross total of—Unie, 21,599; Constitutional and Independent, 6,405.

These figures are eloquent as light on any possibility of a "swing of the pendulum" at any future election within two generations, and it must be remembered, in this connexion, that the Dutch marry early, in circumstances in which few English would contemplate such a responsibility, and breed without restraint; whereas a large proportion of the English voters are, and are likely to remain, unmarried; so that in the ordinary course of nature the discrepancy in voting power must increase, the franchise being given without discrimination at twenty-one, irrespective of property, independence, or education. It is a commonplace to find in one house half-a-dozen Dutch youths of twenty-one upwards, without a shilling in the world except the charity of their father and no prospects till his death; all of them voters, and perhaps all already married.

For the spirit in which the results are accepted by the Dutch, a straw may serve to show the way of the wind. On the evening after the elections the "Unie" held a demonstration in the Market Square, Bloemfontein, the leaders speaking from a balcony beneath which the "results" were shown by lantern on a screen. The operator, an "imported Englishman" (to use the contemptuous Dutch phrase), put in suddenly a slide not on the programme, hurriedly made upon the spot—

GOD SAVE THE KING

—which was received with such an outburst of groans and hooting that it had to be hurriedly withdrawn. The leaders, from the balcony, could not see what was the cause of the outburst; informed a moment later, the speaker carried off the contretemps with characteristic "slimness" by concluding his speech with a call for the National Anthem, which was sung by a handful of the crowd amid general silence, the speaker covering up the further fiasco by saying "Not bad for a first attempt, but you will have to learn it now".

I have dwelt on this matter of "English" and "Dutch" because, despite all pretty protestations to the contrary, the line between "hands-uppers" and "wild Boers" having been wiped out, it is and will be the dividing line to the end of the chapter. The protestations of welcome made by the Dutch to the Englishman who will throw in his lot with them mean nothing unless he is content to sink his nationality, to forswear English ideals and standards and to become Dutch.

There is airy talk of intermarriage settling the question in time. One who knows what this means must needs pray that it may never be, even for the price of avoidance of civil war: it is too painfully clear, even now, that the Englishman who marries a Boer woman is a lost soul—if ever he had soul to lose; and the children, brought up by their Boer mother (from suspicion of the father's influence) in contempt for and antagonism to all that constituted their father's birthright, show to extreme the known tendency of the half-breed to develop the dormant failings of both races.

With all respect to the number of enlightened and polished Dutch who form exceptions to prove the truth of a general statement, the fact is that in standards of honour, morality and civilisation, the gulf between the bulk of the Boers and the average English man and woman is so great that intermarriage between English and Boer should be as unthinkable as between Boer and Kaffir.

It is idle to deny that in all that makes for civilisation the mass of the Boers are below the standard of the English agricultural labourer and artisan, while the English who come to this country are as a rule above it.

Had the colony been allowed to continue to prosper under Crown rule, the new spirit infused into education by the imported teachers might have made a change in time. The new Government, unfortunately, in envy and distrust of the success of the new system, is pledged to changes which will involve the disappearance of the imported teachers and their ideals with them.

No; it must continue to be English and Dutch, with the Dutch in an impossible majority in the Assembly and the country. In the Assembly the presence of Sir John Fraser, with the best intentions in the world, is likely to do more harm than good. He is regarded as a traitor by the people at large; his "party" in the House is too small for any useful effect from his opposition, which can only serve to embitter national antipathy and to prevent the crumbling of the gross Unie majority into "Progressive" and "Moderate" which might otherwise have proved the political salvation of the colony, considered as a part of South Africa. The mere fact of his opposition to a measure of retrogression will tend to prevent opposition to the Government from within its own ranks.

As regards the Upper House: with one flagrant exception the selection consists of men of character, ability, and experience to command the respect of all parties; at the same time it cannot be hoped that the House will have the courage to thwart or even vigorously to oppose mischievous legislation, should such be

initiated by the Assembly; nor to offer opposition to the steady, quiet replacement of English officials by Dutch, which is already a commonplace in the Transvaal.

The one exception mentioned, to the general approval of the Upper House, is the nomination of Mr. Dewdney Drew, editor of the "Friend", which, under his supervision has carried on since the war a campaign of scurrilous abuse of all things British; from rampant and groundless attacks on officers and men of the police—"white-livered curs"—to contemptuous references to his Excellency himself: hopes that he "will be able to save a little time from attention to his race-horses to attend to public business". A scandalous reference to his Majesty is still fresh in the memory of all decent-minded men, and it is only last week that this egregious "member of the Upper House" was admonished by the High Court for gross contempt of Court in his paper.

This selection has disgusted men of all shades of opinion; it is thought that his Excellency cannot be so far out of touch with public opinion as to flout it in this way in ignorance; that he would do so knowingly is impossible to believe, and one is driven to suppose that his hand has been forced by direct pressure from "home". So we have an Assembly with a Dutch party in the proportion of five to one against an Opposition able only to secure the solidity of the Government party: an Upper House to which it is idle to look for any defence of British interests as such. In the Transvaal and Cape Colony much the same state of affairs: in Natal a chance at least of a Dutch Government in power at last.

Setting aside magnanimous presents of unsaleable diamonds, and "correct" expressions of imperial sentiments in anticipation of or as a cheap return for five-million loans, what is the value of the imperial connexion? Eight years ago Sir John Fraser, from his place in the Volksraad, called to the Cape Dutch to take up arms against their Government if it were found necessary to disarm them. To-day Sir John represents the last hope of the "lost cause" of British interests in South Africa.

It is waste of words to add anything to the bald statement of fact. No responsible man can have any illusion that the imperial connexion will last a moment longer than it is found to pay for its keep, no questions being asked. The late Zulu rebellion spread a spirit of confidence in the power of South Africans to keep their own house in order. The reason expressed in public by responsible "statesmen" for the tolerance of the presence of imperial troops in the country is that it is "good for trade". A suggestion that the garrison is intended to uphold British influence in the country would raise clamour for its withdrawal impossible to resist except by force of arms. The idea of its being necessary for defence against natives would only amuse the mass of the Dutch. As a channel for the distribution of English money we are pleased to allow the soldiers to remain; in any other capacity we have no use for them—and no fear of them. When we have all the loans we require, or are likely to get, or when we are able to finance our own in Europe, we shall probably suggest the withdrawal of the garrison as a self-sacrifice for the sake of the British taxpayer. The flag will then remain till we are tired of the pattern; when that day comes we shall replace it without fear, knowing well that if the reconquest of South Africa from Table Bay were possible it would not be worth while, costing, as it would in five years' time, ten times what it did five years ago.

Had the chances of party Government allowed Lord Milner five more years to expand his policy of land-settlement, five more years to the country of freedom from mischievous political agitation, five more years of steady extension of English ideals and standards and the weakening of the "tribal" instincts of the Dutch, South Africa might have grown in time into a larger England, a new Australia with a better climate and no "yellow peril".

But a Liberal Government must needs haste to show its magnanimity before the pendulum swings back, and the "end half-won" is "balked for an instant meed of praise" once again.

Yours faithfully,

SOJOURNER.

REVIEWS.

"THE GODS, SOME MORTALS, AND PROFESSOR MURRAY."

"The Rise of the Greek Epic." By Gilbert Murray. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1907. 6s. net.

PROFESSOR MURRAY'S handling of Homeric problems in his "History of Greek Literature" excited the hope that he would at some future time apply his profound scholarship and poetic tact to a work on a larger scale, which should embody a constructive criticism as far remote from the cold-blooded dissections of the Germans as from the light-hearted and enthusiastic "Restoration" of Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang, with a wealth of sympathy and insight combined with a comprehensive grasp of comparative folklore, has stood out as the champion of a Homer one and indivisible, "Athanasius contra mundum". Professor Murray, we hoped, would meet him on his own ground, and show that the great Greek *ἔπος* was capable of an analysis which should not rob it of its incomparable freshness and beauty, and yet should face those innumerable difficulties and inconsistencies which baffle the most devoted advocate of the single authorship. The present volume is an answer to our desire, perhaps as satisfactory as can be vouchsafed at present, though it were rash indeed to make a positive assertion of any kind on the subject, since every day brings forth fresh discoveries in archaeology, folk-lore, and the like, which force us perpetually to remould our theories and give new shape to our conclusions. "Παρά πῃ" in very truth. We have travelled far since the days of Wolff, Grote, and Lachmann; we can smile with superiority at the "simple faith" of Schliemann; the centre of interest in archaeology has shifted from the Argolid and Hissarlik to Crete—"Cretam proavosque petamus" and even in Crete we are still far from firm ground. In other directions Mr. Frazer, Miss Jane Harrison, and Mr. Farnell, to name English workers alone, have shown us how far specialised investigation into ethnology, folk-lore, and religions can modify the conclusions of those who attacked the problems mainly from the literary side.

Professor Murray's book is a reprint, with considerable additions, of a series of lectures delivered by him at Harvard University quite recently, and the lecture-form gives his style a freshness and vivacity and a wealth of striking illustration which is in itself attractive and convincing. A sentence in his preface gives the keynote: "As regards the Homeric question . . . I have long felt that the recent reaction against advanced views has been largely due, not indeed to lack of knowledge, but to inadequate understanding of what the 'advanced' critics really mean. A good part of my present work has therefore lain in thinking out with rather more imaginative effect many of the common phrases and hypotheses of Homeric criticism." This is no more than the truth, and many passages might be cited in proof thereof, see pp. 51, 52, 53; we must only quote part of one, on the equipment of the Mycenaean warrior and his tactics behind his long shield: "When once you were in position, however, the cover was excellent, and there ensued what Homer calls a *stadiē husminē*, a 'standing battle'. If no vital part of the enemy showed round the edge anywhere, you entered into conversation with him. A happily directed insult might make him start, lift his head too high, or expose a piece of his flank. Then you speared him."

The book then is a series of addresses on the root-problems of the *ἔπος*—the spirit of Hellenism, the early migrations, the history and growth of the "saga", with profuse and illuminating comparisons with similar literature of other countries and times, particularly an analysis of the evolution of Deuteronomy, this last leading us to a specially important branch of the subject, the alterations, conscious and unconscious, which were introduced by successive "editors" into their sacred text. Professor Murray is very successful here in showing how deliberate "expurgation" has been employed by later hands, and where its partial failure betrays itself. We have, on the

same lines, a lucid discussion of the vexed problems of the metals, the armour, and other discrepancies between the usages of the different generations which contribute to the "making"; here too is displayed the real meaning of "archaism", and the legitimate working of the fictional spirit. Again, other chapters trace the genesis of the gods and heroes, the movements and struggles of the primeval clans, discuss the birth-places of Homer and the intricacies of Homeric geography, the style, the merits and demerits of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey", and many other pregnant themes. Finally, in appendices we range over such diverse subjects as "*Φαρμακοί* and Human Sacrifice" and "The Stages of old French Poems, Roland and S. Alexis". The whole moves on a high plane and takes us very far back towards the beginning of things.

Professor Murray has done his work very thoroughly, and yet the living interest of it all makes us realise that one can be exhaustive and not exhausting. This is a valuable and scholarly addition to the vast literature on the subject, yet, as one puts the book down, it is seen to be actually a "popular" treatise after all, for indeed there is very little in it that anyone of ordinary wit and education, who has kept in touch to some extent with classical literature, cannot understand and appreciate. He has avoided the "storm of spears", the dry unconvincing details, the arid examination into the genuineness of single lines, the cocksure attribution of half a book to one hand and a third to another, he has not asked us to "play bricks" with the "Wrath" or the "Doloneia" or the "Catalogue of Ships", he has not set before us a Chinese puzzle which can be put together in countless different ways—"and every single one of them is right". What he has done is to trace step by step the growth of "the Book", the individual possession at first of "the Maker", the "thing made" by him, and its bequest to his disciples and successors, and their reproduction of it and the variations thereof caused by the temperament and environment of each. He gives us the "how and why?" of discrepancies and inconsistencies without impairing the beauty of the whole, and he leaves us with the feeling that Homer has been restored to us, rescued from the mutilators, in a more wonderful guise than the most ardent champion of unity ever bestowed on it.

"For thy kingdom is past not away,
Nor thy power from the place thereof hurled;
Out of heaven they shall cast not the day,
They shall cast not out song from the world."

The epic is the first chapter of Greek literature to Professor Murray, and he concludes by contrasting it with tragedy, and the far different circumstances which produced the latter. "But there", he says, "begins the second great chapter in Greek literature". May we hope that he will some time do for the second chapter what he has here done for the first?

A BLAMELESS GOETHE.

"The Life of Goethe." By Albert Bielschowsky. Vol. II. Authorised translation from the German by William A. Cooper. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1907. \$3.50 net.

THIS volume, which covers Goethe's life from the year 1788 to 1815, deepens the impression made by the former that Dr. Bielschowsky, despite his industry and intense admiration of Goethe and critical capacity, had not the essential qualification of the biographer—the ability to make the subject of his work stand out in bold relief as a living, active, commanding personality. We are told a great deal about Goethe, but somehow we do not get to know the man. Some foolish person has compared Bielschowsky's book with Boswell's great biography. No more fatuous comparison was ever made. Between the two works the sole points of similarity are, first, that both are big, and second, that both are concerned with notable men of letters. The wealth of incident and accuracy of portraiture with "none of the warts left out", which characterise the biography of Johnson, are all

conspicuously absent from the volumes of Bielschowsky, which are expansive without being detailed, and rather suggest detached essays on certain aspects of Goethe's life, interspersed with others on his literary productions, bound up together, and inaccurately entitled the "Life of Goethe".

Bielschowsky's judgment of Goethe the man can scarcely be called satisfactory; indeed, his attitude suggests that Goethe, like the King, can do no wrong—a robust faith in which, we imagine, few who have any acquaintance with the story of Goethe's life will share. Once, indeed, when we came on the passage, "This brings us to the darkest spot on Goethe's life", we imagined that the poet was at least to be censured for his lack of filial affection in not visiting his mother in Frankfort for thirteen years. Instead of this Bielschowsky insists that, far from exhibiting any moral slackness in this matter, Goethe was in reality obeying the highest duty incumbent upon him, namely, that of maintaining his artistic equilibrium and refusing to allow it to be disturbed even by natural affection. A biographer who can elaborate such a proposition will stick at nothing; and so we find him with the same perverted judgment always eager to vindicate his hero in all the dubious episodes so frequently occurring in Goethe's career. It is not surprising therefore that the relationship of Goethe towards Christiane Vulpius is dealt with on lines not over-sympathetic towards the latter. One little point however in connexion with Goethe's marriage to Christiane is brought out by Bielschowsky. Lewes, in his *Life of Goethe*, is emphatic in disputing the popular notion that it was during the cannonade of the battle of Jena that the wedding took place. The battle of Jena was fought on 14 October, 1806, and it is quite true, as Lewes is at pains to insist, that it was not till five days later that the wedding ceremony took place; but, says Bielschowsky, "it is worthy of note that [Goethe] had the wedding-rings dated the 14th"; thus making it fairly clear that it was the cannonade that at last overcame Goethe's irresolution and compelled him to make the long-contemplated and long-overdue act of reparation to her who had shared his home for years.

Bielschowsky is on firmer ground as a critic than as a biographer. His analytical examination of Goethe's more important writings are for the most part well done. Some of them, indeed, like those with which this volume opens—chapters devoted to "Iphigenie" and "Tasso" respectively—are overdone; and to the general reader they are likely to be as exhausting as they are exhaustive. These chapters, however, as well as those on "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre" and "Hermann und Dorothea" contain much acute observation and sound criticism. The chapter dealing with "Hermann und Dorothea" is especially good. Besides giving an excellent summary of the most idyllic and charming of Goethe's poems, Bielschowsky gives plausible reasons for believing that in it, as in all the other finished works of Goethe, is to be found a crystallisation of Goethe's own intimate experience, a fact which appears to have been missed by previous writers. Bielschowsky quotes the following passage from a letter sending the poem to Frau Schultheß: "As has always been my custom, I have employed in this work all the current yield of my life". This led Bielschowsky to inquire what were the recent experiences of the poet, and the net result of this investigation is the conclusion that in "Hermann und Dorothea" we get a transcript of Goethe's own feelings for his one-time betrothed Lili, whose flight from Strasburg, as a consequence of the French Revolution, recalled the episode of those who in 1732 were driven from their homes by the Archbishop of Salzburg on account of their Protestant belief—the incident upon which, outwardly, the poem is based.

Besides those chapters of the present volume to which we have already referred mention may be made of that which deals with the friendship of Schiller and Goethe and the relative merits of the two poets. Ever since the two men became famous each has had his worshippers, who have claimed pre-eminence for him over the other. Here is Bielschowsky's summing-up: "Through the clearness of his thoughts and presentations, which is most beautifully accompanied by

idealistic enthusiasm, Schiller has become the instructor, the educator, the preacher of the nation; through his deep-penetrating vision Goethe has become the nation's seer and prophet. Schiller is within the range of everyone's comprehension, he attracts everyone, and carries everyone away with him; Goethe attracts only the delicately responsive, and only the initiated can wholly understand him. He needs interpreters. Only when these have performed their work for centuries will Goethe enjoy the popularity which Schiller has always enjoyed." We should think the chance of popularity at any time would in such a case be extremely doubtful.

THE NEW LIGHT OF ASIA.

"Egypt and Western Asia in the Light of Recent Discoveries." By L. W. King and H. R. Hall. London: S.P.C.K. 1907. 10s.

EXCAVATION is proceeding so rapidly in Oriental lands, and discovery is crowding so closely on discovery, that it is difficult for the most hardworking archaeologist to keep pace with the new facts and fresh points of view. In Egypt, in Palestine, in Assyria and Babylonia, and now in Asia Minor, the excavator is hard at work, and Europe and America are competing one with the other in a sort of feverish archaeological rivalry in which even the Turkish Government is taking its part. Almost before the ink is dry on the pen of the historian of the ancient East some new result is announced, which obliges him sometimes to revise his conclusions, and in any case to add a fresh paragraph to his already over-stocked pages.

Professor Maspero's great work on the Ancient History of the East, exhaustive as it seemed to be, already requires to be supplemented by a volume of ponderous size. This has been provided by Messrs. King and Hall, than who none could have been found better equipped for such a work. Themselves pioneers in the field of Oriental research, they are not only scholars and students, but have also travelled through the countries whose history they record and have conducted excavations in Egypt and Assyria. They are thus practical as well as theoretical archaeologists—a very important combination when the materials of Oriental archaeology have to be dealt with—and the photographs with which their book is enriched have been for the most part taken by themselves.

Mr. Hall's province is Egypt, Mr. King's Assyria and Babylonia. The progress made in our knowledge of the earlier history of the two countries since the publication of Professor Maspero's work, hardly more than ten years ago, is simply amazing. The impenetrable veil of darkness which hung over the beginnings of the Egyptian and Chaldean monarchies has been lifted; kings and dynasties which seemed to have been lost in the night of time have emerged into the full light of day, and we have become almost as well acquainted with the life and manners of the Egyptians, not only in the age of the first dynasties, but even in the so-called prehistoric epoch before them, as we are with their life and manners in the age of Ramses. It is well that due recognition is given to M. de Morgan's services in discovering and mapping out the prehistoric age of Egypt; it was a discovery which revolutionised the earlier history of the dwellers on the Nile, and in its main outlines was fixed by the French savant once for all. The pioneering work begun by M. de Morgan in Egypt has been continued by him in the ancient Elam, and just as his work in Egypt revealed the beginnings of the Egyptian nation, so his work at Susa and other Elamite sites is throwing light on the origin of Babylonian civilisation. Nothing can be better than Mr. Hall's account of what he aptly calls "the discovery of prehistoric Egypt"; it is at once lucid and interesting. Mr. King's account of the discoveries at Susa will be found to be of equal interest. But it is his own recent discoveries among the cuneiform tablets of the British Museum that will probably attract most attention from the historian. They have required us to revise our systems of Babylonian chronology and have shown that some of the

dynasties which were supposed to be successive really overlapped one another. Perhaps one of the most unexpected facts that have resulted from them is that Babylonia was invaded by an army of Hittites some eighteen centuries before the Christian era, and it is possible that the fall of the dynasty to which Hammurabi belonged was brought about by the event.

Messrs. Hall and King have confined themselves to Egypt and the lands bordering on the Tigris and Euphrates. This is to be regretted, since excavation and discovery have been going on actively elsewhere in Western Asia, and the archaeological results obtained from them are intimately connected with those which have been yielded by excavation in Egypt and Babylonia. The civilisation to which they bear witness formed a whole, one part of which cannot be adequately understood without reference to another. No one is better qualified than Mr. Hall to give a description of the marvellous culture which has been revealed to us by the exploration of Crete, and the excuse that "a detailed account of work in Sinai and Palestine falls within the limits of a description of Biblical discoveries" is really no excuse at all, since the work itself, as well as its results, are archaeological rather than Biblical. Professor Maspero's example should have been followed by dealing with the civilisation of the ancient East in its entirety. We regret also that his example has not been followed in another respect. The immense body of references contained in the footnotes to his work makes one of its most valuable features, and the success of the book proves that they have in no way interfered with its popularity.

But to bring a book up to the actual level of existing archaeological knowledge is a hard, if not impossible, task in these days of international rivalry in excavation and research. There are many indications in Messrs. King and Hall's book that it is already nearly two years behind date. Even while their manuscript has been in the hands of the printer the work of discovery has been going on apace. The statement is no longer correct that the remains of the prehistoric population of Egypt "are not found north of El-Kawâmil", since a great prehistoric cemetery has now been opened by the Germans near Ashmunt. Another has also been discovered at Tura, and remains of the same period have been met with near Damanhur. "The mummies", or rather the skulls, of the grandparents of the "Heretic King", again, so far from being "purely Egyptian in facial type", have been found by Dr. Elliot Smith to be thoroughly non-Egyptian, while the cuneiform tablets of the Kassite period from Nippur, referred to by Mr. King, have now been published by Professor Clay.

A few pages of "Addenda" have indeed been inserted at the end of the volume in which note is taken of two of the most remarkable discoveries of the last eighteen months—the discovery of the tomb of Queen Tii at Thebes, and that of hundreds of cuneiform tablets on the site of the Hittite capital at Boghaz Keui. The questions raised by both these discoveries are still under discussion, and illustrate the difficulties that have to be encountered by the archaeologist who endeavours to bring his account of what has been accomplished up to date. He is continually being reminded of the fact that all human work must be imperfect.

But this hardly detracts from the value and trustworthiness of a work like this, which has been compiled by competent scholars of first-hand acquaintance with the materials with which they deal. And the work is not only scholarly but readable, full of interest for the general public as well as for the individual specialist. Nothing can be better than Mr. King's account of the legal code of Hammurabi in its relation to the life and thought of the Babylonians of the age to which it belongs; the chapter is intensely interesting and makes us realise how strangely well acquainted we have become with an age and a people who but a few years ago were nothing but a name. The ancient East has risen again to life, and every year brings with it fresh additions to the vividness and reality with which that life is presenting itself to us. Before long we shall know as much about the ancient world of the East as we do about the world of the Roman Empire.

"STORES" AND SOCIAL REFORM.

"Co-operative Industry." By Ernest Aves. London: Methuen. 1907. 5s. net.

"Municipal Ownership." By Leonard Darwin. London: Murray. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

MR. AVES publishes his book at a useful moment. Labour changes during recent years have set many employers thinking whether industry cannot be placed on a firmer basis by giving their workmen a more definite share in its progress. We wish Mr. Aves had avoided sentimental padding and given us more examples of co-operative enterprise. People in general are prepared nowadays to take the sentimental side of the question for granted; what they want is critical guidance to give it practical expression. Customers go to co-operative stores simply because they get there better terms than elsewhere, and think that there will be no adulteration, short weight, or palming off of inferior material. The root idea of co-operation is the elimination of the middleman and the distribution of his profits among the consumers. With the growth of the movement the local stores have combined to form wholesale societies which, in their turn, tempted by the co-operative market ready to hand, have embarked upon various manufacturing enterprises. If the people working these enterprises ever had in their minds any feeling beyond the ordinary commercial spirit of material profit, any wish to set an example to individualist employers in the matter of wages and hours, it is certain the workers would have been allotted some small proportion of the profits gained. In England, at any rate, such co-partnership as does exist has not come by way of co-operation. Perhaps the best challenge to those who think there is any real sentiment in the movement is to ask how many co-operators intent on cheapness inquire if the goods they are buying have been produced under sweating conditions. Would any such customers be prepared to pay more for unsweated goods, and so forego a portion of their dearly loved dividend? That is the hard commercial test, and it is one for which every person of any practical sale experience has an obvious answer. Mr. Aves has a useful and interesting chapter on cheap stores, and we recommend anyone who is interested in social work to read carefully the story of the successful reaching of the poorest classes in a typical industrial centre such as Sunderland. We believe co-operation has its greatest value in the "house-keeping" education of the very poor, in familiarising them with good plain food, and in weaning them away from the tinned filth so common in working-class households. To-day co-operation touches only one stratum of society—the better-paid weekly-wage earners, members of friendly societies, and contributors to trades-union funds. The poor are quite outside the movement, yet no class needs more the protection it could give them.

The classic instance of co-partnership success is Sir George Livesey's plan at the South Metropolitan Gas Works, but we think Mr. Aves hardly allows enough to the personal equation involved. The company grants agreements of three to twelve months to those of its men whose work is satisfactory, renewed or suspended according to the industry and ability of each individual. Agreement men get a deferred bonus, calculated on a sliding scale varying with the price of coal, and half of this is invested for them in the company's stock, with the result that to-day more than four thousand of the men are shareholders and two of their number sit on the board of directors. Mr. Aves gives us another instance in the Woodhouse Mills at Huddersfield, but we note with surprise that he does not seem to think Mr. Taylor's successful attempt at Batley worth mentioning. A critical examination of that scheme from its inception would be of the greatest possible value to employers who wish to find some workable method of taking their men into a partnership which will prove remunerative to both parties. Of the inevitable clashing of co-partnership systems with out-and-out socialism Mr. Aves fights very shy. The trouble is in some degree already with us. Co-partnership, as welding together masters and men in

a community of interest, is altogether opposed to a movement which too often regards capital as an animal that must be bled to the extremest limit consistent with the preservation of its life. If a recent letter to the press on the railway dispute be any criterion of his general view, Sir George Livesey would seem to be of opinion that where a trades union exists it must first be killed before any co-partnership scheme can be started. There is, however, another side to the argument. The starting of a scheme might prove an actual alternative to the work of the union, and thus in time put an end to it by a slow process of effective competition. Co-partnership promises an increase of wages; what can a strike—the strongest weapon of trades unionism—do more?

Mr. Aves has little to say on agricultural and railway-rates matters; and in this he is wise, as Mr. Pratt has already covered much of the ground. We hope Mr. Aves will return to his subject, and when he does will avoid pious sentiment and go straight for the many useful facts his work must have given him.

In fairness to Mr. Darwin one must remember that his audience was American and presumably unacquainted with a good deal that is elementary on this side of the water. Mr. Darwin is so well known as a great fighter against municipal extravagance that his views must be of interest. Disappointingly here he comes to no conclusion, and consequently gives little help in solving what has now become an essentially practical question. He sees clearly that the great fight of the future is between collectivism and individualism, but is apparently loth to believe that one can meet the other halfway in anything. Perhaps the democratic atmosphere of the States clouded his better judgment, or politeness forbade him plainly to say that the free rule of the people, though ideal in theory, is in practice, and in the long run, usually a miserable failure. If the proper checks are applied we believe that there is much a municipality may and can do far better than private traders. We agree with Mr. Darwin that the great evil of municipal ownership lies in the indirect results of municipal employment. It is astonishing how far-reaching an effect on local policy even a small body of municipal employees can exert. They combine with the deliberate intention of raising their wages at the expense of the community, and too frequently achieve this end by selling their votes to the highest political bidder. The remedy surely is to separate them into special constituencies, and we believe this idea is already under careful consideration in some of the Australian colonies. Its probable value may be gauged by the violent opposition offered by the labour extremists, whose object is not to make municipal ownership efficient but to treat it as a point of advantage in the struggle for the general communistic appropriation of all sources of production. Socialist leaders realise the necessity of preaching doctrines that appear to promise practical results, therefore they point to the so-called profits of municipal ownership and ask for its extension on the ground of tried value. It is useless replying to such arguments by satirical exclamings. The answer should be "Let municipalities have their books properly audited", and then it may be found that there are no gains, but losses; and that the community has been pampering a small set of men at the expense of the great majority. Once the facts are ascertained it will be for the people to say whether the increased expenses they may be called upon to bear are worth the moral and intellectual advantages offered them. Mr. Darwin treats the question of municipal corruption too complacently; we wish we could agree with him, but recent inquiries, both public and private, have revealed a prevalence of degradation altogether unsuspected. The commercial immorality of the age is most common among the smaller men, and the smaller men are the rule rather than the exception in modern municipal life. Extended municipal ownership would make any cleansing process much more difficult. It should not be impossible to draw the line between the provision of common necessities such as light, water and local communications, and excursions, at the expense of the rates, into general trade.

NOVELS.

"The Forbidden Way." By F. J. Cox. London: Francis Griffiths. 6s.

It is curious that a writer who has the intelligence and literary perception sometimes displayed by Mr. Cox should so frequently use words out of their true sense, and express himself so confusedly as in this phrase: "To describe Joyce's charm some milder epithet must be found, for it was beauty in miniature; its keynote was her wonderful blue eyes, through which all her moods and emotions were reflected with exceptional transparency". He wants to give the impression that he is at home in literary and artistic Bohemia; we should like to know who is the original of his Cheverell, who, "with a few magic strokes of his pencil," manages to draw the picture of "a woodland suffused with ghostly light", in which "a red-haired girl" is clasped in the arms of a shepherd whose "face was agleam with vigorous passion". It must have been a wonderful pencil to get all those colour effects in a few strokes. The setting of the Cotswold Hills is described by Mr. Cox with truthfulness and a sense of beauty, but his plot and his characters are alike conventional. John Glenfall is the honest, trustworthy, rather stolid John of fiction, and both the literary Philip, who suffers from an ill-governed artistic temperament, showy, vain, and untrustworthy, and his victim, the village beauty Lydia, are well-worn types—while the other women in the story are old-fashioned wooden dolls. The dialogue is frequently stilted, and the whole effect is of effort, sometimes successful in a harsh, creaking way, but more often the merely laborious and painstaking effort of an intelligence which expresses itself with difficulty in fiction.

"The Adventures of a Respectable Bohemian." By Elizabeth P. Ramsay-Laye. London: White. 1907. 6s.

The most exact analysis could hardly detect a single dash of Bohemianism in Mrs. Day, the widow in comfortable circumstances to whose lot these "adventures" fell. Furthermore the reader, as he turns the last page, may be forgiven for inquiring, Where, then, are the adventures? These eight "novelettes", as their author not inaptly terms them, contain next to nothing of what the word "adventure" is commonly understood to convey. Respectability need not, of course, be tiresome, whilst the most ordinary incidents may be big with romance; and it is possible that a master of the craft might have lifted even the episodes in this volume, which are, to tell the truth, not exactly exhilarating, out of the domain of dullness. But their inventor lacks the wizard touch, her manner is humdrum, and her insistence upon detail sinks her sometimes to abysmal depths. For instance: "As a general rule in travelling", Mrs. Day informs us, "I take up my quarters either at a good hotel, one marked with a star in 'Baedeker', or at some well-recommended pension." Do we need to be told this kind of thing? Could anything be more jejune and prosy?

"The Garden of Eden." By Alice M. Diehl. London: Digby, Long. 1907. 6s.

Althea was a country maiden; Clifford was haughty and overbearing, the heir to a peerage and first cousin to Lord Lytton's "Pelham". After they had lunched together one fine day, "the opinion each had of the other rose from earth and wallowed in the boundless and infinite". It was lucky for Clifford that Althea's opinion of him behaved in this odd way, for to most people his actions will constantly suggest what is sometimes called a boulder. One hesitates to allot to Clifford his part in the Eden of the story, remembering that, in Cowley's words,

"As soon as two (alas!) together joined
The serpent made up three".

But, whatever his part, the garden in which he emotionally wallowed (being, says the author, "the slave of his impulses") remains in sad need of pruning. It is overgrown with every sort of undisciplined vagary. The episode of Althea's musical début in Paris is

interesting and credible; otherwise Mrs. Diehl's garden is (as Campbell said) a wild.

"A Nurse's Bequest." By Lillias Hamilton M.D. London: Murray. 1907. 6s.

Dr. Hamilton's purpose in this book is twofold; first to draw a picture of the life of a workhouse nurse a quarter of a century ago, secondly to commend a pet scheme for the upbringing of pauper children. She tells a plain tale in a plain fashion, but one which is seemingly the outcome of personal experience or observation. Such narratives are usually of interest, and this one is no exception. As to the scheme, it would probably attract more notice (which it deserves) if presented in the pages of a review than embedded, as it is, in the jam of fiction. Dr. Hamilton would like to see pauper children sent out to Canada in their infancy, there to be brought up on farms, where from the first the bulk of their training would be manual and technical. In New Zealand, she reminds us, a child of five can milk a cow. The children's labour would be productive and the farms would become in time almost self-supporting. One such settlement, she tells us, already exists in Canada and bids fair to succeed. The scheme is one which deserves (if it has not already won) the attention of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Fox-Hunting Recollections." By Sir Reginald Graham. London: Nash. 1907. 10s. net.

Fox-hunters are not as a rule very good with the pen. Whyte Melville is one of the few men who have ridden hard and written well enough. Sir Reginald Graham, however, can write of a run and a country as well as most men, and we think that many past and present members of the various Hunts he has taken a great part in will read his recollections with lively interest. He has gone from Hunt to Hunt—the Beaufort, the Burton, the New Forest, Hurworth, Tedworth, Cotswold, among others—and his memories of men and sport are most entertaining. There is a capital description of the Tedworth, which Sir Reginald took over in 1879. Sport is at times rather slow in parts of the Tedworth country owing to the size of the woods, Wherwell, Doles, Facombe, and Collingbourne, but Sir Reginald can tell of some famous runs there at the end of the 'seventies and in the early 'eighties. Of course he has a word or two to say of the most famous Master of the Tedworth, Assheton Smith. We fear that to-day there is hardly anybody living who can give personal recollections of Assheton Smith. We remember that a famous hunting butcher called Osborn was full of stories of the Squire's hard riding and hard fists, but Osborn has been dead a good many years now. The Tedworth within recent years too has lost its famous hunting parson, poor Awdry of Ludgershall. Sir Reginald refers to Awdry and also to Parson Gale, who, we think, wrote a little book on his favourite sport. It was wonderful, we used to think, how much sport Awdry saw, considering the horses he rode; he was nearly always to the fore, having an extraordinary knowledge of the country and of the habits of foxes. We can cordially recommend Sir Reginald Graham's pleasant and fresh book to fox-hunters. It is not an easy book to put down, once one alights on the pages that deal with the Tedworth in particular. But the whole book is agreeable.

"A Holiday in the Happy Valley." By Major T. R. Swinburne. London: Smith, Elder. 1907. 16s. net.

Major Swinburne, quite properly, does not consider it the duty of every globe-trotter to put his impressions into book form, but he makes a concession to custom and writes a few prefatory words to assure us that "no admiring if partial relatives have hung upon" his lips as he read his journal, nor have they implored him to print "this literary treasure". He makes no pretence to literary qualifications, though clearly he has a nice sense of the gifts of others who regard every trip to a distant part of the Empire as a new voyage of discovery. The "happy valley" is of course Kashmir, where Major Swinburne spent several very interesting months, and disabused his mind of some impressions whilst replacing them with others of more value. One fallacy he exposes is "Moore's drivel about the lovely maids of Cashmere. There are none! This appears a startling statement and a sweeping; but as a matter of fact the Eastern girl is not left, like her Western sister, to flirt and frivol into middle age in single 'cussedness', but almost invariably becomes a respectable married lady at ten or twelve, and drapes her lovely but not over-clean head in the mantle of old sacking which it is de rigueur for matrons to adopt". If however Moore's Irish imagination led him astray in regard to the maidens of Kashmir, it would be difficult for

(Continued on page 804.)

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any imagination—Irish or other—to conjure up a more beautiful land. Major Swinburne says it is the loveliest country he ever saw, "and that goes far to make up for its disgusting population". An idea of its charm is conveyed in the dainty coloured illustrations for which Major Swinburne is responsible.

"The Neolith." No. I. Published Quarterly, under the Direction of E. Nesbit, Grafty Hewitt, F. Ernest Jackson, and Spencer Pryse, at Royalty Chambers, Dean Street, Soho.

There were several magazines of the 'nineties, now passed away, part of whose object in existence was to demonstrate the beauties of lithography and to rescue that art from its commercial degradations. Some of Mr. Shannon's best work on stone appeared in the "Dial"; and other brief-lived reviews are now prized for the charming lithographs by Whistler they contained. And now here is the "Neolith", which not only gives choice examples of the work living artists are doing on stone, but is lithographed throughout from cover to cover; the text being written in the beautiful hand of Mr. Grafty Hewitt. The total effect gains greatly, of course, in harmony. Mr. Chesterton's spirited and significant poem on "the secret people" of England, the people which has "never spoken yet", is the best thing in the letterpress. But this newest quarterly will be bought rather for its art; for Mr. Brangwyn's forcible double-page plate in three colours of buccaneers carrying loot, for Mr. Raven Hill's "Spanish Study", an interior with a group of peasants, and for the other ample pages in which Mr. Charles Sims, Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan, Mr. Hartrick and Mr. Ernest Jackson illustrate the various qualities, the vigorous blacks and silvery grays, of which stone and chalk are capable. The "Neolith" is a magazine to be noted by collectors; and we wish it success.

"The Record of an Aeronaut." By Gertrude Bacon. London: Long. 1907. 16s. net.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon—described by the publisher as "an intrepid cleric"—was an adventurous man with some interest in science. He was an amateur balloonist and made an interesting study of acoustics during some of his voyages. The acoustic experiments and notes are perhaps the most interesting part of Miss Bacon's account of her father, but she has some capital descriptions of scenery and colour above the clouds. In 1899 Bacon made an ascent from Newbury to get some view of the Leonids which were predicted for 16 November, and Miss Bacon gives an account of a wonderful night scene. "Sirius flashed magnesium blue, and the other stars glistened as jewels in a blue-black velvet sky. For us and for us alone was spread that 'perilous sea, in faery lands forlorn', whose filmy tossing billows were turned to silver in the moonlight, whose deep hollows harboured shadows of richest purple." Clouds scenery such as this has been enjoyed by other aeronauts, but not at night. We do not know that Bacon did much on methodical lines to advance science, but his was just the mixture of ingenuity and daring that succeeds in ballooning.

"Art et Décoration." Septembre, Octobre, Novembre. Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 2 fr. each number.

M. Alfred Paulet studies the painter "A. F. Gorguet", and M. P. Verneuil "Alexandre Fisher", whose works in metal are interesting. M. Jules Guiffrey concludes "Les Grandes Tentures exécutées à la Manufacture des Gobelins". In "La Corne" MM. Jeanmaire and R. Leclerc show what wonderful material horn affords to the artist's skill; among the specimens here given, the two by Lalique—a paper-cutter and a comb—dominate by far all the others which are mere reminiscences or imitations of the great master's works.

M. Louis Vauxcelles has an article on the very promising young painter "Julien Lemordant", and M. Edouard Sarrafin reviews once more "J. B. Carpeaux" sculptures; whilst M. P. Verneuil records the lovely works of "Brodeuses Ecosaises", and M. François Monod criticises the "Exposition de Peintres Italiens à Paris".

"L'Exposition de l'Ecole Belge" at the Salon d'Automne is reviewed by M. Léonce Bénédite, and "L'Art appliqué au Salon d'Automne" by M. Emile Sedeyn. Scotch handicraft is again studied by M. P. Verneuil in "Intérieurs Ecosais". From the illustrations given in M. Charles Saunier's article, "La Maison de M. Anatole France" must look rather like an old curiosity shop indifferently arranged.

Messrs. De la Rue's (1908) Diaries and Calendars for the pocket and the table are varied as ever and easily adaptable to all uses. They include every quality from the elegant pocket-book down to the smallest of calendars. The handiest and most serviceable is the Index Diary and Memorandum Book.

SERMONS.

"All Saints' Sermons, 1906-1907." By W. R. Inge. London: Macmillan. 1907. 3s. 6d. net.

This title does not mean that the sermons were preached on All Saints' Day, but that they were preached at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, during Dr. Inge's incumbency of that church. Those who heard any of them will need no pressure

from us to get the volume; those who did not hear them are very earnestly recommended to buy it. There is a peculiar charm in Dr. Inge's writing; it is the work of a man who thinks much before he writes, and whose thoughts are worth writing down; he combines earnestness with simplicity and grace; he has the secret of always selecting exactly the right word or expression, and he never utters platitudes; he gets perilously near them, however, when he is preaching against ecclesiastical bigotry. At the same time theology is not Dr. Inge's strong point; we do not mean by this that he is no theologian, but that a purely theological subject does not appear to interest him very much, or to call forth his highest efforts. He is at his best when occupied in delineating character or describing the Christian virtues; and at his worst when denouncing priestcraft and religious intolerance.

"New (1) Theology; Thoughts on the Universality and Continuity of the Doctrine of the Immanence of God." By E. Wilberforce. London: Elliot Stock. 1907. 5s.

"Thou never gavest me a sermon, that I might make merry with my friends", once remarked an Oxford tutor to a colleague who had not included him amongst the favoured few to whom copies of his farewell discourse in the college chapel had been sent. Archdeacon Wilberforce is more generous; he sends us a whole volume, and the cynical reviewer can promise the critical reader many a quiet smile at the marvellous power over fine words and long sentences which the preacher possesses. "Let down your net of thought-concentration into the fathomless depths of the Infinite Originator"; "humanity is a God-souled solidarity"; a text is "an inspired tabloid of thought-suggestion", and so on; it is amusing at first but tiring towards the end. There are some extraordinary statements, too; as that "more than a million human beings on this planet die every day". As to the New Theology itself, Dr. Wilberforce seems to think that it consists in the doctrine of Divine Immanence in many combined with belief in universal salvation and denial of the Fall and of original sin; on these he insists with wearisome iteration; but he does not apparently associate himself with other new critical theories; at any rate, of scientific New Testament criticism, whether liberal or conservative, his pages are guiltless. But as an exhibition of how little can be said at how great length, as a specimen of what we are afraid undergraduates call "gas", they are superb and unique.

"Light and Life: Sermons by the late J. W. Shepard." With a Prefatory Memoir by H. E. J. Bevan. London: Macmillan. 1907. 6s.

The author of these sermons was a man of exceptional abilities and singular beauty of character who, partly through his own modesty, partly through the strange ways of fortune, never attained to high position in the Church, but spent the greater part of his most useful life as a master of S. Paul's School, where he was a power. Yet he was sometimes called "the Broad-Church Liddon"; and Cornish villagers have been known to walk eight miles to hear him preach. But these published sermons are on the whole disappointing. Some of them indeed are very fine, and nearly all have something that is fine in them. They show originality, an acute and yet kindly judgment of human nature, high literary culture, and perfect taste; and with this is joined genuine religious feeling. But somehow there is an absence of fire in them; they are all very quiet and placid and true, but they leave us much where we were before, and the lack of excitement in the preacher is followed by a lack of excitement in the reader. They are the impressions of a thoughtful religious man, but they lack the force of a prophet's message.

"Waters that Go Softly; or, Thoughts for Time of Retreat." By J. Rickaby. London: Burns and Oates. 1907. 2s. 6d.

This volume contains a number of short addresses or meditations arranged on the scheme of the Spiritual Exercises of S. Ignatius Loyola. They are quite admirable both in spirit and expression, and readers who may be far from the Church of Rome will yet find very much of value in them. Dr. Rickaby is a man with whom religion and salvation are the great realities, and before whose eyes there is ever present the awful possibility that a priest, spite of the highest intellectual endowments and the most sheltered position, may fall into mortal sin and be a castaway; and this sometimes makes his words almost terrible in their directness and severity. And yet there is comfort in listening to a man who knows clearly what he believes, and is not afraid of saying it, and whose practical advice is full of sound common-sense. If we have any criticism to make upon these addresses, it is that things are rather too clear-cut and certain with the writer; he has exact and minute information about points on which the Bible is silent; he knows all the details connected with the fall of the angels, the temptation of Eve, or man's final judgment; and we doubt the wisdom of intruding where the sacred writers themselves have forbore to tread. But, with this exception, we have little save praise for Dr. Rickaby's book.

For this Week's Books see page 806.

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The Dramatic Writings of John Bale (Edited by John S. Farmer). Early English Drama Society.

The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley (Edited, with Textual Notes, by Thomas Hutchinson); Thomas Campbell (Edited, with Notes, by J. Logie Robertson). Oxford: At the University Press. 2s. each.

Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries (Charlotte Carmichael Stopes). Stratford-upon-Avon: Shakespeare Head Press.

The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart (W. Drummond Norie). Caxton Publishing Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Poems and Translations (Frederic Rowland Marvin). New York: Pafraets Book Co.

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The Religion of the Post-Exilic Prophets (W. H. Bennett). Edinburgh: Clark. 6s. net.

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IND, COOPE, AND COMPANY.

AN extraordinary general meeting of Ind, Coope, and Company, Limited, was held on Monday at the Great Eastern Hotel, for the purpose of passing a series of resolutions altering the articles of association in regard to various payments to Mr. Edward Murray Ind and other directors.

Sir Thomas Skewes Cox, who presided, asked for the sympathy of the shareholders in respect of the resolutions which were to be submitted. Their Company was a very important one, and one of great magnitude. He was taking the chair that day as a new director at the unanimous wish of his colleagues. (A voice: "Because they are ashamed to do it themselves.") The shareholders would be aware that the new regulations were unanimously passed on the 3rd of July, 1906, but inasmuch as it was discovered that there was an irregularity in their adoption the present meeting had been called to ask the shareholders' sanction to these resolutions. He was sorry if it was an awkward day. The circulars which had been sent out had fully explained the resolutions. He wished to say this, that it was the desire of the directors to take the shareholders into their confidence and to treat them in the most frank and generous manner, which he hoped would engender good feeling on behalf of the shareholders themselves. He further expressed the opinion that, in regard to the payments which had been made to directors in the past, they were to be attributed to the business of the Company being conducted on the same generous lines, as regarded those who had done service for it, as existed in the case of the old firm. He put forward the hope that there would be co-operation between all concerned, and that the shareholders would approve of the resolutions.

Mr. E. T. Hargraves seconded the resolution.

Mr. A. Normandy said that that Company had not paid any dividends for several years, and the directors by their circulars and notice of 11th inst. had called shareholders there that day to pass resolutions giving the directors or some of them altogether over £30,000, which the directors had "secretly been paying themselves for years" out of the funds of the Company, without authority or knowledge of the shareholders. He asserted that the directors' resolutions admitted there was a secret agreement dated 17 January, 1902, giving £1,000 a year for ten years, and after that £500 a year for life to Mr. Murray Ind (the present chairman of directors), in addition to his share of £3,000 allowed for directors' fees, and £300 a year paid to him as Chairman. In the 11th inst. evidence Mr. Murray Ind admitted he was managing director until 1902, and that he was then receiving £4,500 a year, in addition to his share of £3,000 allowed for directors' fees. He also admitted he was warned by Messrs. Dawes, the Company's solicitors, that his 1902 pension agreement might be disputed later on, and to avoid this a consideration clause was put in, as to which the late Mr. Justice Kekewich said as follows: "I take leave to doubt whether there was any real consideration at all, and whether this clause was not inserted merely for the purpose of giving a colourable value to this agreement." The directors admitted that the total thus secretly paid since 1902 to Mr. Murray Ind was now £4,666, and they now asked the shareholders (who got no dividends) to confirm that.

Mr. Edmunson sharply criticised the action of Mr. Normandy, and asked Mr. Tripp to give a personal explanation of certain circumstances in the negotiations.

Mr. C. H. Tripp read the proposals for a compromise which Mr. Normandy drew up, and these were applauded by the meeting, whereupon Mr. Edmunson said he withdrew the remarks that he had made with respect to Mr. Normandy, who also made a personal statement.

Mr. Priestly, K.C., urged Mr. Normandy to be satisfied with the results achieved so far, and not to attempt to carry the case to the Court of Appeal, which might result in his losing all that he had already got. It was time for the Company to get to its proper business of brewing beer, not brewing litigation.

Mr. Helby urged Mr. Normandy to "bury the hatchet".

Mr. Younger was of the opinion that the dissenting shareholders were entitled to some representation on the directorate.

Mr. Edmunson again addressed the meeting, and also urged the "burying of the hatchet".

The Chairman, in reply, said that there had absolutely been nothing in the nature of bad faith. He put the first resolution affecting Mr. Murray Ind to the meeting, declaring that there were 36 votes in its favour and 34 against it. This was challenged, and the Chairman was told that he was "not playing fair," an assertion which led to a further scene.

A poll was thereupon demanded by Mr. Normandy.

Ultimately the Chairman stated that the proxy support which the board had received was of an overwhelmingly powerful nature, and enabled the directors to carry the whole of the resolutions, for the board held proxies for no fewer than 8,000 votes, against 1,700 votes which had been given to Mr. Normandy.

The resolutions were therefore carried.

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